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SEE PAGE 13.

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One Halfpenny.

DELUDED CRIPPLES FLOCKING TO THE IMPOSTOR DOWIE.



A great part of the congregation which was permitted to hear the arch-impostor's eloquence was composed of cripples and sufferers from all kinds of ailments. They thronged to Zion Tabernacle in the hopes that the "Profit" could cure them.—(Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a photograph.)



The Press were rigorously excluded from "Dr." Dowie's meetings. Our photographer has succeeded in getting a snapshot of a lady reporter who was summarily ejected during the course of the meeting on her identity being discovered.



One of the Zion Guards and typical members of the congregation who were privileged to hear the great Fakir's denunciations. The Zion Guards carry a Bible suspended on the left side of their belts instead of a truncheon.



Every possible means were taken to prevent the general public from being present at "Dr." Dowie's meetings. The Zion Guards stationed at the doorway examined the tickets, punched them, and then passed on the Zionists to other guards stationed inside.

RUSSIANS OUTWITTED

Clever Japanese Ruse Leads to Enemy's Defeat.

800 RUSSIAN CASUALTIES.

Reported Annihilation of Two Japanese Battalions.

News has arrived of a fierce fight in the Liaotung Peninsula. A Japanese force was at Pulantien (Port Adams) on the west coast, with the object of meeting the Russian forces sent from the north to relieve Port Arthur. This Japanese force was attacked by a body of Russians, and after a brief encounter the Japanese made a pretence of retreating. The ruse succeeded, for as the Russians dashed after them in hot pursuit, the Japanese executed a flanking movement, and caught the Russians in a trap. After what appears to have been a fierce fight, the Russians retired on Kaichau (Kaiping), their losses being estimated at 800 men.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

Japanese Trick a Russian Force and Defeat Them.

NEWCHWANG, Sunday.

It is reported here that a Japanese force was attacked at Pulantien (Port Adams) by the Russians, and, drawing on the enemy by a feigned retreat, caught them in a trap. The Russians are said to have lost 800 men, and to have fallen back on Kaichau.—Reuter.

CLEVER JAPANESE RUSE.

NEWCHWANG, Sunday, Midnight.

Part of the Japanese force left at Pulantien, to checkmate the Russian southward movement for the relief of Port Arthur, was attacked south-east of Shungunao yesterday.

After slight fighting, the Japanese made a false retreat, and the Russians were hotly following, when the Japanese made a flanking movement, catching the Russians in a trap.

The Russian losses are estimated at 800. The Russians then fell back on Kaichau, and began to retreat along the Beimaigu-Tsichau road.

About two thousand infantry from the direction of Kaichau passed through Newchwang this morning, accompanied by large supply and hospital trains. Several carts contained bandaged men.

The troops appeared to be exhausted, and there was every indication that they had made a long forced march. The officers refused to give information.

A non-commissioned officer told me that all the Russian troops are retreating from Tsichau, but before he could say more he was reprimanded by a captain.

Stragglers are closely watched by the non-commissioned officers in order to prevent them from talking.

The Russians have abandoned their ground lines eight miles south of here. A native messenger who has just come in from the Russian camp, says of here reports that there are many wounded there.—Reuter's Special Service.

Pulantien (Port Adams) is on the railway on the west coast of the Liaotung Peninsula, and about thirty miles south of Kaichau (Kaiping).

RUSSIAN REPORT.

Japanese Battalions Said To Have Been Annihilated.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.

A correspondent of the "Russ" reports that a large detachment of Japanese coming from Fenghuang-cheng, with the object of turning the Russian flank, found itself on the 9th inst. opposed by a Russian detachment, which was strongly entrenched in a pass twenty-eight miles southward of Hai-cheng.

The Russians allowed the Japanese advance guard, consisting of two battalions, to approach, and then battered the enemy at short range with a heavy artillery and rifle fire, almost completely annihilating them.

The main body of the Japanese then arrived upon the scene, but did not venture to make a frontal attack, and therefore executed a long detour with the object of assailing the position on the flank. The Russian detachment had, however, already evacuated the position when the Japanese approached.—Reuter.

SKRYDLOFF'S SORTIE.

Admiral Skrydloff is said to have reported that on Tuesday last he moved with the Vladivostok

Squadron towards Port Arthur, and arrived within thirty miles of that place.

There he ran into a fog, and found several Japanese torpedo-boats and two battleships confronting him. The Japanese attacked him fiercely, and inflicted some damage.

The Russians returned the fire, but as none of the Port Arthur ships appeared, as Admiral Skrydloff had hoped and expected, they returned to Vladivostok, which they reached at eight o'clock on Friday morning.

KUROPATKIN'S GRATITUDE.

In one of the Russian field hospitals a wounded Japanese Guardsman was visited by General Kuropatkin, who spoke to him, and, referring to the bravery of the Japanese troops, said it was a pleasure to fight with so courageous an enemy.

The Japanese soldier was still more delighted when it was explained to him that the General had given him permission to write home, and had told the nurse to take great care of him, "as the Japanese take great care of the Russian wounded."

LIFE IN THE FORTRESS.

Interesting Details Told by a Japanese Spy.

KAPANTSE, Monday.

A Chinaman whom the Japanese smuggled into Port Arthur to act as a spy, and who escaped seven days ago, was arrested at Newchwang last night.

He told me that the Russians are working in large force day and night repairing their warships, and that they expect to complete the repairs in another fortnight. Four cruisers lie under Golden Hill, their guns being trained landward to assist in repulsing a land attack. The channel is nearly cleared, but Admiral Togo's blockade is effective.

The spy estimates the total Russian forces, including sailors, in Port Arthur at less than thirty thousand, and says that many of these are sick and wounded. They have sufficient supplies to last for two months. All Chinese foodstuff has been commandeered.

Enormous damage has been done, the spy states, to the new town by shells. The Russo-Chinese Bank has been totally destroyed.

The coal supply is low, being estimated at only 2,400 tons of Cardiff and 3,000 tons of Japanese coal.

Two armoured trains, bearing guns from the battleship Retvisan, ran in the Japanese lines, and were badly damaged by the shells of the enemy, though they managed to return.

The Russians are in gloomy spirits, and are hoping that General Kuropatkin will send an army south to assist Port Arthur.

Admiral Togo is stopping many native boats which are attempting to land foodstuffs, and forty-two junks from the direction of Chifu have been sent to Tungchau.—Reuter's Special Service.

PORT ARTHUR FORTS.

Ammunition Said To Be Running Short.

PARIS, Sunday.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Matin," telegraphing last night, says:—

It is apprehended here that Port Arthur will fall into the hands of the Japanese owing to the lack of ammunition. A great deal has been used, and the replenishment has only taken place on a small scale.

The steamer Manchuria, which had on board 60,000 cases of ammunition for Port Arthur, was captured by the Japanese at the beginning of hostilities.

Communication on the Japan-Korea telegraph system has been re-started.

MAXIMS FOR YEOMANRY.

New Departure in the Force's Equipment.

In view of the Royal Commission's criticisms on the subject of the tactical fitness of the Militia and Volunteer forces, Lord Lovat called the attention of the House of Lords yesterday to the defects of the equipment, training, and organisation of the Imperial Yeomanry.

He was followed by Lord Roberts, who said that with regard to the weapon with which the force should be equipped, it was clear that the Yeomanry should not be armed with the sword and the only other suitable weapon they knew of at present was the bayonet, but this again was a matter which he was sure would receive the attention of the War Office.

The Earl of Donoughmore, Under-Secretary for War, in reply assured their lordships that the War Office were anxious to make the Yeomanry an even more useful and efficient force than it is at present. With regard to the second weapon to be issued to it they were in some difficulty owing to the divergent opinions of the commanding officers. The greater weight of opinion, however, leant towards the bayonet.

In conclusion, he stated that Maxim guns were now being issued to the Yeomanry.

COURT UP THE RIVER.

King and Queen Visit Eton in the State Barge.

Floreat Etona. Yesterday was a royal day in the annals of the old school founded by Henry the Sixth over five centuries ago, when the King and Queen made their long-promised visit.

Their Majesties drove from Slough, escorted by equestrians and outriders, and were received in the schoolyard by a guard of honour of the college Volunteers.

The King received three addresses, and was wildly cheered by the delighted scholars.

Their Majesties took tea with Doctor Hornby in the Provost's lodge, and then passed through the college garden and on to Fellows Eyt.

The scene on the river was very brilliant. Lining the banks for a considerable distance were over a thousand Etonians, in their silk hats, and a gaily-dressed crowd of distinguished people.

GORGEOUS WET BOBS.

Close by was the picturesque state barge with its silken hangings, manned by the King's watermen in their old-world costumes, and resting on their oars were the Eton Wet Bobs in their gorgeous Fourth of June attire, each cosswain carrying a bouquet nearly as large as himself.

Their Majesties embarked on the royal State barge, while the college boats formed up as escort. The ten-oared Monarch, Victory, and Prince of Wales led, and the Britannia and the rest of the boats following.

The state barge glided majestically down the river amid the enthusiastic cheering of thousands of onlookers. On the procession passing through Romney Lock the spectacle in Datchet Reach was of almost unparalleled splendour, the brilliant weather showing everything off to advantage.

The boats reformed column at the landing stage and gave three rousing cheers for their Majesties.

As the royal party drove off the King expressed his great delight at the reception, and the Queen seemed to be very happy. It was a magnificently successful day.

FOUNTAIN ON A YACHT.

Kaiser's Innovation in Steamer's Decoration.

BERLIN, Monday.

In connection with King Edward's forthcoming visit to Kiel, the German Emperor will, it is announced, first meet his Majesty on the water.

The Hohenzollern is being embellished for the occasion. Her after deck will be most lavishly decorated. It is even said that the scheme decided upon includes an artificial fountain with a basin.

The guests will be protected from the sun by a huge awning. Kiel is already overflowing with visitors.

According to present arrangements, yachts belonging to both their Majesties will compete in the Cup race from Kiel to Eckernförde.—Reuter.

A WOODLAND ROBBER.

Parisian Ladies Stripped of Their Jewels.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.

A few days ago a French lady of fashion was walking with her little daughter in a lonely part of the woods near the Bois de Boulogne when a rough-looking man sprang from the thicket and snatched her gold chain and other jewels. The wretch immediately vanished into the undergrowth.

The next day five beautifully-gowned women, all belonging to the most aristocratic circles, were strolling down a by-path when the monster of the wood rushed upon them, seized the gold bag of one, the watch of another, and by horrible threats forced the terror-stricken ladies to deliver up all their valuables.

The police were informed of the matter, and it transpired that many other females had been thus terrorised, the robber always choosing his victims among the cream of the well-dressed crowd which frequents the Bois.

All efforts made by the police to discover the hiding-place of the wild man have hitherto proved fruitless, and a veritable panic has seized Parisian society.

News reached Moscow on Saturday that the Japanese are building a light railway from the Yalu to General Kuroki's headquarters at Fenghuang-cheng.

Although nearly all the Moorish brigand Raisuli's demands have been granted, the British Minister states that he is unable to say even approximately when the release of Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Varley may be expected.

CORNISH GIRL CYCLIST SHOT.

Found in Castle Ruins with Five Bullet Wounds in Her Face.

MURDERER'S FLIGHT.

The Cornish tragedy is no longer a mystery, although the murderer of the girl cyclist, Jessie Rickard, aged seventeen, remains at large.

His name, occupation, and description are known to the police, who were all day yesterday searching the county for him.

At the inquest yesterday a remarkable story was unfolded.

In addressing the jury, Mr. Morton Edyvean stated that Miss Rickard left home at half-past six on Saturday evening, stating that she was going to meet a Miss Berryman, of Mawgan, who had been teaching her music, and that she would meet her father in St. Columb at ten o'clock in the evening in order that they might walk home together.

About seven o'clock she arrived at St. Columb, and half an hour later she was seen in the company of a young man, Charles Berryman, aged twenty. Each was wheeling a bicycle, and they were going towards Castle-an-Dinas, an eminence much frequented by tourists.

Soon afterwards two young men named Tabb, living on a farm close by, saw the deceased and Berryman walking up a rough path leading from the roadway to the entrance to the earthworks near the top of the hill.

GRUESOME DISCOVERY.

Next morning, when the two young men were walking across the hill they were horrified to see the body of a young woman in one of the entrenchments which encircled the hill.

Her face was so shockingly mutilated that identification was impossible.

Meanwhile, Mr. Rickards was greatly perturbed by the absence of his daughter, and on Sunday he drove over to Mawgan to see if his daughter was staying with Miss Berryman, as she had often done, but was there informed that not only had his daughter not been there, but that Charles Berryman had not returned since Saturday evening. He subsequently identified the body found as that of his daughter.

Charles Berryman came home to Mawgan on a bicycle on Thursday evening from Norwich, where he had a brother, and returned at home about seven o'clock on Saturday evening. On the face of the deceased there were five revolver bullet wounds, and there was one in her left shoulder. Both bicycles were found at Castle-an-Dinas.

Formal evidence of identification having been given by deceased's father, the inquiry was adjourned until Friday.

The police have issued the following description of Berryman:—

Age 20 years, height 5ft. 3in. or 4in., medium build, light brown hair, full face, fair complexion, blue eyes, dressed in dark cloth suit with small white stripes running through grey skull cap, white linen collar turned down all round, necktie tied in sailor's knot, brown boots. Berryman is a native of St. Columb Major, where his late father was a solicitor's clerk and postmaster for many years.

The dead girl was a young lady of prepossessing manner and bright disposition, and she is stated to have had more than one admirer.

AT LARGE IN HANDCUFFS.

Encounter with Burglars in Liverpool.

A large detachment of Liverpool detectives is engaged in searching for two burglars who evaded arrest after desperately assaulting two police officers who attempted their capture.

The affair happened in Faulkner-street, where the two officers—Inspector Gibbons and Detective Barnett—discovered that an entrance had been forced into a pawnshop. They surprised two burglars at work, and succeeded in handcuffing one and in bringing both out into the street.

But, attracted by the men's struggles, the slum populace collected and began to take part in the fray. Several citizens attempted to come to the rescue of the police, but the mob numbered many hundreds.

The officers were both knocked down, and so badly kicked that the unequal struggle had to be relinquished, and the two burglars got away. Detective Barnett attempted to retain his hold of the handcuffed man, but failed to do so.

The officers and Mr. W. D. Christie, a civilian, were all seriously injured, and were taken to the hospital.

There is little doubt that the handcuffed burglar was released from his fetters very shortly after his escape.

ELIJAH DOWIE, THE OUTCAST.

London Boycotts the Prophet, Who Disappears.

FLIGHT TO FRANCE.

The "Profit" Dowie has fled.

The Cecil Hotel management presented him with his bill at noon yesterday, and requested him to find another abode.

He drove to Charing Cross and took train at 2.20 for Folkestone, on his way to Boulogne.

The miserable wearer, self-styled, of Elijah's mantle has deserted his small flock, turned tail upon his vaunted crusade, and gone to France.

He was advertised to preach in Zion Tabernacle at ten o'clock yesterday morning. Crowds of cripples gathered there, faithful Zionists and unbelievers, too, who had begged or bought tickets—anything for a chance of hearing.

They waited in vain for "Profit" Dowie. He saw no money in this country. He had no fancy for a fight, and fled as he fled at Sydney.

The deluded seekers after restoration, maimed, halt, and blind, he cared not a jot for. They waited in pain and hope for their "deliverer." He went on the Continent for his health—and safety.

Dismal Failure.

His earnest followers strove their hardest to keep up a semblance of a service, and to lend an appearance of respectability and success to this dismal, disgusting failure.

The word had gone forth that miracles were to be wrought by the "Profit" as he wrestled in prayer for his people.

What happened? While bearers brought the paralysed in on water-beds, and humble sons helped their afflicted mothers as they tottered up the stone steps that led to Zion, and now and again, with hope in their eyes, twisted cripples hobbled in, Overseer Exell, Dowie's domestic chaplain, was on the platform.

What did he preach of? Restoration to health, religion, faith, or morals? Did he send out a bitter cry of hope for the modern Babylon Dowie was here to save? Did he attempt an apology for the abject flight of his leader?

No! He begged the bewildered congregation before him (they were not all poor; some wore diamonds, and were dressed in the best) to invest their money in the Zion lace industry. Every £1,000 would bring them in £70 the first year, £100 the second, £170 the third. The best things here only brought in four per cent.

All this while the "Profit" Prophet was packing up his baggage for the train.

A Carriage and Pair.

At two o'clock a cab trundled into Charing Cross Station yard piled high with well-appointed travelling trunks.

At ten minutes past the "Profit" himself drove up in a carriage and pair.

He was dressed in a black morning coat and trousers and top hat. His son, Gladstone Dowie, was with him, and the delicate, well-dressed young girl who arrived with him in this country, and has not left him. Two Zionist officials completed the party.

Mrs. Dowie was not present; she was reported by a Zionist official yesterday morning to be ill.

The "Profit" took three first-class and two second-class tickets for Boulogne, via Folkestone, and had his luggage labelled accordingly.

On the platform were five detectives ready to speed the parting guest.

There was practically no crowd as the secret of the flight had been well kept. A few people, casually curious, watched the "Profit" sneaking away. How different from the scene in the Euston-road.

Pulled Down the Blinds.

Dowie, his son, and the lady entered a first-class carriage and promptly pulled down the blinds to conceal themselves from the curious who would gaze on Zion's self-appointed High Priest.

The two Zionist officials retired to the seclusion of a second-class compartment. At 2.20 the train started.

It is significant that a detective travelled in a second-class carriage on the same train.

Meanwhile, round the Zion Tabernacle in the Euston-road events were happening. The congregation, uncharmed by Overseer Exell's financial eloquence, were leaving the place.

On the opposite side of the roadway, leaning against the wall of the St. Pancras vegetable market, some scores of youths and working men collected.

The vegetable men were fully provided with rotten produce for missiles; but the prompt action of the police in keeping them moving prevented any serious demonstration.

The police were to have no rest. No sooner had the potato contingent dispersed to work again

than a posse of medical students marched up to the attack.

Then at 4.45 came Rev. H. E. Canel, Dowie's vicar in England, and broke the news of the flight to France to the faithful few in the Tabernacle.

If the Head Overseer had stayed, he asserted, both he and the members of the church in London would have been in danger of losing their lives from the violence of the members of the apostate churches.

The meeting then showed signs of disorder. "Don't break up the meeting!" he cried. His words were lost in the confusion.

Dowieism in London received its death-blow.

STUDENTS AND DOWIE.

Attempting to Enter the Euston-road Tabernacle.

Brief though it was, Dr. Dowie's visit to London has not passed without police-court proceedings arising from it. At Clerkenwell yesterday, Sidney Davies, 22, and Charles Davis, 21, medical students, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, were charged with "insulting behaviour, whereby a breach of the peace might have been occasioned," at Bidborough-street, St. Pancras.

Divisional-inspector Bryson said the prisoners and other gentlemen were endeavouring yesterday afternoon to get into No. 81, Euston-road, where a meeting was said to be going on.

The Magistrate: What meeting?

The Inspector: Dr. Dowie, sir. I got the gentlemen away, but the prisoners went round to Bidborough-street, and tried to persuade the inhabitants to allow them to go through their premises to the back of 81.

Mr. D'Eyncourt (to the defendants): Did you go in the interests of your profession?

"Certainly, sir!" they replied.

The Magistrate: You will each be bound over in the sum of £10 to keep the peace for twelve months.

DOWIE'S SWELLED HEAD.

Highly Developed in the Bump of Self-deception.

Professor Stackpool O'Dell, the phenologist, in a "reading" of "Dr." Dowie's head, says:—

"Most of us have faith in ourselves and about life that on analysis will prove to be very childish and illusive.

"What happens in us on a small scale happens in Dowie on a large one.

"He is a man with enormous powers of self-deception. He will probably continue to degenerate mentally till he comes to believe still more extraordinary things about himself.

"It is his enormous egotism, his absolute faith in himself that gives him his contempt for all authority.

"And from the same source proceeds his compelling influence over the minds of others."

MOTOR 'BUSES ON TRIAL.

New Era of Street Traffic Dawns for London.

In three or four weeks' time two motor-omnibuses of a new pattern to London will be put on trial in the streets of the metropolis.

The 'buses are being built to the order of the Atlas and Waterloo Omnibus Association and Messrs. Tilling, Limited. Great things are expected of them, and if they prove a success, the horse-drawn 'buses of these two companies will be doomed.

The 'buses will be of the "double-deck" pattern, and will carry thirty-four passengers, eighteen on the roof and sixteen inside. They will be fitted with 20-horse-power motors, and capable of developing a speed of twelve miles an hour.

Both the Road Car Company and the London General Omnibus Company are on the look-out for a serviceable motor-'bus.

Said the manager of the London General to a *Mirror* representative yesterday: "We have tried several motor-'buses, but up to the present we have not found one that comes up to our requirements. We are now having a 'bus built by Clarkson, of Chelmsford, and have also placed an order in Paris."

The Road Car Company are also busy experimenting, and the manager told a *Mirror* representative yesterday that by the end of the year they hope to have solved the motor-omnibus problem.

BOY'S SEARCH FOR ADVENTURE.

The missing boy, Henry James, son of Enoch James, of Treherbert, missing from his home since Tuesday last, has been found by the police at Cardiff in a travelling show.

He had made himself useful to the owners while they were touring Rhondda Valley, and had travelled with them.

ALAKE AND THE LASSIES.

Childlike Delight at Starting Five Thousand Spindles.

The Alake enjoyed yesterday in Manchester as the guest of the British Cotton Growing Association. The early part of the day was spent in visiting Messrs. Howarth and Company's spinning and weaving factory in Salford, where the chief was charmed and fascinated by the sight of steeple-jacks going up and down a chimney 200ft. high.

The feature of his visit was his entrance into a weaving shed in which there were 700 factory lassies employed. They forsook their looms, cheering and crowding along the gangways, and thrusting themselves forward.

He shook hands with those on his right and waved his fly-switch playfully in the faces of those on the left.

The chief exhibited vast delight when, by moving a lever, he stopped and restarted thousands of spindles.

After visiting the Royal Exchange and being received by the Lord Mayor, he was entertained to luncheon, at which he delivered a gesticulatory speech.

THE MISSING MUSICIAN.

Wife's Fears for the Fate of Her Husband.

Mrs. Hornby, whose husband's strange disappearance on June 7 was so sensationally foreshadowed in a dream, is still without any trace of the missing man's whereabouts.

"I am sure something terrible has happened to him," she told a *Mirror* representative, "I can feel it, and I reproach myself for letting him go to work at all on that evening, for I had noticed that he was a little strange in his manner, and I went as far as Gray's Inn-road with him when he started for his work."

Mrs. Hornby's fear is that her husband, who usually caught an omnibus in the Strand shortly after twelve at night, may have been waylaid by some of the lawless characters that infest Gray's Inn-road at night.

The missing man had little money with him at the time of his disappearance.

A picture of Mr. Hornby and of his wife will be found on page 8.

ATLANTIC RATE RIVALS.

Will the "Cunard" Cut the First-class Fares?

The fact that the Cunard have gone into the Atlantic rate war at last has given great satisfaction to the conference lines, because they believe that this will bring the fight to a speedy finish.

Hitherto the rate-cutting has been confined to the steerage, and the Cunard have been the first to interfere with the first and second class fares.

From Paris, Hamburg, Bremen, Antwerp, and Rotterdam they will carry first and second class passengers at the same fare as from London. This is a blow against the Continental and White Star lines, who secure a great deal of traffic from Paris.

So far there has not been a rush of cheap steerage passengers via Liverpool, and the American line from Southampton continues to get the bulk of the East End Hebrews at the £2 rate.

The conference of Atlantic companies says that the Cunard cutting of the saloon rates will have no effect on them, because passengers wanting to sail on their steamers will not change their minds for the sake of saving a few shillings.

There is a possibility, however, that the Cunard may cut the first-class rate from Liverpool to New York, which is now £18, which would bring all the rates down with a run.

Under the Merchant Shipping Act no passengers can be denominated first-class who pay less than £10.

Recently the Cunard issued a three months' notice to leave to all their employes over sixty-five years of age, or they could have the option of staying on at half their present salaries.

This has caused a good deal of feeling against the company in Liverpool, and people are asking whether the company have included several of their directors in the notice.

ENGLISH LADY FIRST ON MONT BLANC.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)
GENEVA, Saturday.

The first ascent of Mont Blanc this year has been just made by an English lady—Miss Beatrice Thomasson—accompanied by a guide from Chamonix.

In spite of masses of newly fallen snow, they reached the summit, and the weather being very clear enjoyed a glorious view.

A meeting of the Cabinet will be held at the Foreign Office to-day at noon.

QUEEN'S GIFT TO BOY VIOLINIST.

Her Majesty Presents Him
with One of Her Own
Gold Chains.

ROYAL COMPLIMENT.

Frank von Vecsey, the wonderful child violinist, went away for the week-end to recuperate for his grand concert to-night at the St. James's Hall. He stayed with the wealthy Hungarian Count Honyos, at his seat at Beckett, near Shrivernham. He had a glorious time on the river, learning to steer a boat. He is much too small to row.

His last performance before he went was at Buckingham Palace at the concert in honour of the Austro-Hungarian Archduke Frederick.

For an hour and a half after the concert was over he was petted by all the royal assembly, particularly the Queen.

When he finished playing (he gave the fantastic from Carmen and an Adagio of Tchaikowski) the Queen came to him with tears in her eyes, so moved was she by his music.

"It seems to come," she said, "not from earth but from Heaven." With great emotion she presented him with a watch-chain of gold with threaded pearls.

"It is one of my own," she told him. "I have worn it."

Praise from the King.

The King praised the boy's ruddy cheeks and the glow of health in his twinkling brown eyes.

"He has nothing to learn," he said, "so it seems; if he were not to be in a year; what can he be more?"

"Frank" was what a bit nervous; as his Majesty turned away, he pulled his mother by the arm to attract her attention.

"Oh! mummy," he cried, and pointed at the Order of the Garter on the King's left leg; "look at Uncle King's leg; isn't it pretty?"

It is the boy's fashion of taking to call everyone "Uncle."

The Archduke Frederick had a long talk with "Frank" and his mother. He had heard little else from the Queen, he told them, but praise of her pet.

Then up came the Duke of Connaught, and asked the little boy to the buffet to have some refreshment. He offered him some champagne, but he said he was only allowed lemonade.

This amused the Queen. To see the lad so self-possessed and right in his taste deepened her affection for him. Acting as waitress, she brought him some oranges and sweets with her own hand.

Before he left the Palace, she told him that he would always be welcome, and he must come and see her when he was in London next year, and she would show him all sorts of pretty things.

"DICK TURPIN" JUNIOR.

Goes to York and Has Not Been Seen Since.

Members of the True Blue Trusty Band may be recognised (1) by the handsome silver-plated Club badge, which may be obtained from the Editor for two penny stamps. (2) By the Secret Signs of the Band. (3) In correspondence, by the use of the Secret Crypto Code.

By these signs other Trusty Blues may be able to communicate with Edward Murray, a thirteen-year-old Dalton member, who has been missing from home since last Thursday.

To the general public he will appear as a slender, dark-eyed, fresh-complexioned boy, wearing a brown suit and an Eton collar.

He had no reason for leaving home except a thirst for adventure.

This was nurtured by the constant perusal of the adventures of Dick Turpin, Spring-heeled Jack, and other heroes of the "Trusty Band."

Since his disappearance it has been found that quite a collection of this literature was in his possession.

Before he left home, he informed his younger brother that he had no intention of coming back.

No regard was paid to this remark at the time, because he had so often talked of going to York, the scene of Dick Turpin's most famous exploit.

NEW REGIUS PROFESSOR.

The King has approved the appointment of Mr. Charles Harold Firth, M.A., LL.D., to be Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, in succession to the late Mr. Frederick York Powell.

Mr. Firth, who was born at Sheffield in 1857, has been engaged in literary work and in historical teaching at Oxford since 1883.

POLLARD'S POCKET-MONEY.

Pecuniary Straits While Living with His Mother.

Emphasising his questions in characteristic manner by the constant raising and lowering of his gold-rimmed pince-nez, Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., who is defending the solicitor Osborn, spent some hours yesterday in a searching cross-examination of Thomas Pollard during the thirteenth day's hearing at Bow-street of the conspiracy charge against Slater, Osborn, and four others.

When Mrs. Pollard commenced the divorce proceedings which were followed by the King's Proceeding, to prevent a decree being made absolute, and subsequently by the arrest of the six men now charged with conspiracy, she was receiving an allowance of 15s. a week. Afterwards she sent, Pollard stated in answer to Mr. Gill's questions, 10s. a week to his mother at Plymouth, 8s. of which she retained for his keep.

On one occasion, the witness continued, he intercepted the letter to his mother because he was hard up and wanted his 2s.

Since staying with his mother he had occasionally remained in bed half the day if it was raining or if he felt unwell.

Mr. Gill: Do you know that if you kept sober for three or four days your mother used to communicate the fact to your wife?—No.

Did your mother complain that you were mad when drunk?—She may have said that, but she has said that I have been drunk when I haven't had anything to drink.

The Plymouth girl, Maud Goodman, was the next witness after Pollard's evidence had concluded. She described in detail how Osborn persuaded her to sign a certain document. He assured her that she would hear nothing more of the matter, and gave her altogether £1 10s.

She did not write the initials, "M. G.," which appeared on the back of the photograph she had identified in connection with her statement.

She was still being examined when the Court rose, the case being adjourned till Saturday.

LOANS FROM A LODGER.

Wife's Indiscretions Lead to a Divorce Decree.

Although no defence was offered by his wife to the petition for divorce brought yesterday by Mr. Richard Dominic Hansom, a Dulwich architect, who is also district surveyor for the Borough of Catford, the co-respondent in the case, Albert Edward Churcher, an engine cleaner, elected to give evidence. According to counsel's statement the marriage took place in 1882, and there were four children. After a time Mrs. Hansom took to drink and was sent to various retreats.

Eventually she went to lodge in the neighbourhood of Battersea Park-road, at a house where the young man Churcher was a lodger. The latter, in his evidence, stated that at the time he did not know Mrs. Hansom was a married woman. She borrowed money from him, and ultimately there were improper relations between them.

A decree nisi was granted, with custody of the children.

DEAD FACE AT THE WINDOW.

Man Who Might Have Been Saved by Prompt Action.

At the inquest on the body of John Paine, of Brighton, William Griffiths told how he was feeding a pony in his back yard when he saw the deceased's face at the top window. He went to the bedroom, in which he found Paine hanging by a piece of cord fastened to the top of the window-frame. He was quite dead. Witness did not cut him down, but sent for the police.

The police surgeon attributed death to suffocation by hanging, and in reply to the jury, said the body was still warm when he first saw it, but he could not say whether deceased's life would have been saved if he had been cut down when first found.

The jury expressed surprise that that was not done, and returned a verdict of Suicide, but that there was not sufficient evidence to show the state of deceased's mind.

BULL IN AN INN.

The occupants of the George and Dragon Inn, Clifton, near Penrith, were startled by a bull which strolled into the parlour and upstairs.

The animal was fairly well-behaved, and although it came into violent contact with an armchair with disastrous results no charge of disorderly conduct would be laid against it.

On Derby Day a friend, says "London Opinion," asked a lady, who, to the Rothschild, "Wasn't this the proudest moment of your life?" "No," was the smiling reply, "you forget my wedding-day."

A BABY AT THE LAW COURTS.

Mother's Sad Story Unfolded in an Unsuccessful Breach of Promise Action.

One of those unfortunate little domestic tragedies that sometimes find their way before the High Court was the subject of inquiry yesterday by Mr. Justice Jeff and a common jury.

Miss Florence Dreher, formerly a missionary nurse, holding a position at the Canning Town Settlement, Barking-road, was seeking damages from a Richmond tailor, Thomas Foster, for breach of promise of marriage.

The suit was complicated, and brought into the same category as is occupied by



MISS FLORENCE DREHER. She yesterday brought an action for breach of promise and betrayal against Mr. Thomas Foster, but lost her case.—(Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

many unhappy stories of a similar nature, by the fact that Miss Dreher alleged that she had been persuaded by Mr. Foster to surrender to him her reputation and—so her counsel put it—the virtue that every woman holds to be her dearest possession.

As a proof that a disaster to her good name as an unmarried woman had undoubtedly occurred, caused by whom it might, Miss Dreher carried into court a pretty little baby boy. The child, deposited in the arms of a hospital nurse, waved his arms at the Judge and jury, and smiled sweetly in baby fashion in pathetic ignorance that his mother was making such a serious charge against the man she said was his father.

The latter is a tailor, whose shop is well known in George-street, Richmond. Miss Dreher also lives at Richmond, in Selwyn-avenue, where, since she gave up nursing, she has been helping her mother to conduct a boarding-house.

She met Mr. Foster, so Mr. Lever, her counsel, explained, through doing a favour for one of the boarders, a blind gentleman who was staying in the house, partly lodger, partly patient. She was

"START" WHICH COST £350.

In the High Court yesterday Mr. H. J. Baseley, of Wimbledon, sued the London and South-Western Railway for damages in respect of injuries caused by alleged negligence, which the company denied.

The plaintiff said that as he was leaving a train at Twickenham, last November, it jerked forward and caused such injuries to his thigh that he was confined to bed five weeks.

The company's doctor suggested X-ray experiments, which showed fracture of the neck of the thigh-bone. It was said that plaintiff would have to use crutches for two years and would be permanently lame.

For the defence it was claimed that Mr. Baseley jumped out of the train in motion, and the guard, seeing him "bowling over and over," put on the vacuum brake.

The jury found for the plaintiff, assessing damages at £350.

GAMBLING FOR ICE-CREAMS.

For gambling with his boy customers Felix Leata, the owner of an ice-cream barrow, was fined 25s at Marylebone Police Court yesterday, and also ordered to pay five shillings for causing an obstruction.

Between twenty and thirty boys had collected round Leata's barrow in Carlisle-street, Marylebone, and he was gambling with them for his wares. When he was arrested he became very violent and the boys pelted the police with stones. Immediately Leata was allowed liberty on bail he returned to his barrow and recommenced gambling.

commissioned to get a suit of clothes for this boarder, and she went to Mr. Foster's shop.

Mr. Foster came to Selwyn-avenue to "try on," and, after being invited by the blind lodger to pay him visits, found himself impressed by the charms of the daughter of the house.

As often happens in these circumstances, said Mr. Lever, Mr. Foster and Miss Dreher felt drawn to one another, and the result was that on Christmas Eve, 1901, a promise of marriage was made.

This Christmas Eve was also fraught with other consequences, according to Miss Dreher's counsel. There had been a little merry-making between the tailor and his sweetheart on one side, and the tailor's salesman and assistants, and, after the latter had gone, there had been a tete-a-tete in which protestations of undying fidelity were made.

Mr. Lever admitted that the jury, in drawing their conclusions from some short letters that he proceeded to quote, would have to take into consideration what Mr. Foster might wish to say in explanation.

These notes were written by Miss Dreher to Mr. Foster, counsel said. That the correspondence,



MR. THOMAS FOSTER, who successfully defended the action brought against him by Miss Dreher for breach of promise.—(Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

as it existed, was one-sided, he admitted, for Mr. Foster's letters had not been kept.

In her plaintive little communications, Miss Dreher asked Mr. Foster not to desert her in her time of trouble.

After the plaintiff had retold her sad story, Mr. Justice Jeff decided that there was no corroborated case to go to the jury. He suggested a monetary arrangement.

Mr. Lever declined negotiations, and hinted at the probability of a new trial, and after this judgment was entered for the defendant.

A SWIM FOR FAME.

The news of the forthcoming Channel swim, organised by the proprietors of the "Weekly Dispatch," has created a good deal of excitement in swimming circles, and has given a much desired impetus to the sport throughout the country.

Applications are still pouring in, and the selectors' task is being proceeded with as rapidly as possible.

The "Weekly Dispatch" Channel experts are already examining the tides and currents, and, from the reports which have been received, there is every indication that when the attempt is made, everything will be in the swimmer's favour.

It is anticipated that the name of the successful candidate will be announced in the course of the week.

Applications should be addressed to the "Aquatic Editor," "Weekly Dispatch," 3, Tallis-street, E.C.

PLAGUE OF TRAMPS.

In common with many other rural districts New-port (Mon.), is suffering from a plague of tramps. At a recent meeting of the guardians it has stated that the number of persons relieved in the casual ward in 1900 was 1,919; in 1901 the number rose to 2,569; in 1902, 4,394; in 1903, 5,977; and in the first half of the present year the number had gone up to 4,737.

Vagrancy, said one of the guardians, had become a sort of disease with some men who had taken to the road. He believed the guardians should make the lot of the tramp certainly not easier. They should be cruel to be kind.

CHILD'S TWO MOTHERS.

Foster-parent's Claim Finally Rejected.

In the Court of Appeal yesterday was heard the case of the King v. New and Wife. It was an appeal of the defendants against an order of the Divisional Court, last sittings, making absolute a rule nisi obtained on behalf of an unmarried woman, named Smith, for a writ of habeas corpus calling upon Mrs. New to hand over a girl of about twelve, named Linda May Smith, to the applicant for the rule, who was her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. New had treated the child as their own, and it was from feelings of attachment that they wished, if possible, not to have her removed from their care. The mother desired that the child should be trained with the Anglican Sisters of the Holy Cross at their Hayward's Heath orphanage. The girl, it was said, had been transferred to that institution as a servant, Mr. Hugo Young, K.C., making a statement to this effect. The majority of the children were educated to domestic service, but if a girl showed any special aptitude she was educated to take a clerkship or other similar appointment.

The Master of the Rolls said the Court had first to weigh the matter viewed from both sides in the interest of the child. It seemed to him that the balance was very even. It was clear that the placing the child with the Sisters could not be to the serious disadvantage of the child; but, even if it were so, the evidence to that effect would have to be very strong indeed to oust the mother's right to have the custody.

The question came down to whether they should decide in favour of the wish of the mother or of that of the person in whose custody the child had been since infancy. There could be no doubt that the wish of the mother should prevail. Therefore the decision of the Divisional Court was right, and the appeal failed.

MURDER IN A CAB.

New York Actress Indicted for Shooting a Sportsman.

Miss Nan Patterson has been, says a Reuter telegram, indicted for the murder of Mr. Young, a well-known bookmaker and racehorse owner, who was shot dead while driving in a cab with her on the 4th of this month.

It was first announced that the wound was self-inflicted, but as the result of an autopsy and other developments, Mrs. Patterson was remanded, without bail, until after the inquest.

At the time the tragedy occurred Mr. Young's wife was awaiting him at the steamship pier, the couple having booked passages in the Germanic to go to Europe on an extended tour, with the object of removing Mr. Young from Miss Patterson's influence, and end the acquaintance.

TIVOLI FIRE MYSTERY.

Employee Arrested on a Charge of Arson.

William Kuhrmann, twenty-seven, a German potman, was at Bow-street Police Court remanded charged with maliciously setting fire to the Tivoli Restaurant, Strand.

On Saturday afternoon smoke was seen issuing from an unoccupied room on the third floor of the building. It was extinguished with difficulty.

Enquiries made resulted in the accused being given into custody by Mr. Howell, the acting manager. Alexander Thompson, a fireman at the Tivoli, stated he found a quantity of wood, used for wine bins, burning fiercely. The prisoner burst open a door in the corridor, and said he had used a pick-axe to do so.

Mr. G. H. Dyvall, the stage manager of the Tivoli, said he saw the prisoner force the door. At seven o'clock the same evening witness was informed of an escape of gas. He found that a tap in the pipe underneath the floor had been turned on. The prisoner told him it was the third fire he had put out. On the last occasion he got a reward of £2.

Mr. Wilson said the case against accused was only one of strong suspicion, and no opposition would be offered to bail being allowed.

THE ONLY WAY.

"I am very sorry. I couldn't get her any other way so I married her," Albert Garrett, a carpenter, exclaimed to a detective who arrested him on a charge of bigamy.

Garrett was committed for trial by the Lambeth magistrate yesterday. It was stated that his first wife, whom he married at West Norwood in 1891, is still alive, but that last November he went through the form of marriage at the Brixton Registry Office with a widow named Simcox.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Sir Henry Irving will recite "The Dream of Eugene Aram" in addition to playing in "Waterloo" at the Clement Scott theatre.

For throwing a stone at a gentleman in a motor a man named Tyrrell was fined 30s. at Maitland yesterday. Notice of appeal was given.

The Earl of Roslyn, who has been in a nursing home during the past month, has recovered sufficiently to be able to go into the country for a change.

The Bishop of London told the Home Reading Union yesterday how grieved he was to see girls in London being led away from the true faith by the "dangerous heresy of theosophy."

HOTEL EXPLOSION.

A serious gas explosion occurred at the Wheat-sheaf Hotel, Sunderland, yesterday, and four persons were badly injured and had to be removed to the hospital.

Windows were blown out and doors wrenched off their hinges. A fire followed the explosion, but the brigade prevented the flames spreading.

BOY ALTERS RAILWAY SIGNAL.

At Birmingham yesterday a boy named Arthur White was sent to prison for twelve days for interfering with signals on the Great Western Railway.

White and another boy got on the line and pulled the wires, lowering a signal which was standing at "danger." The result was that an express from Warwick to Birmingham ran past, but, fortunately, the road in front was cleared in time, and no accident happened.

SUED FOR "BREACH" AT EIGHTY.

A breach of promise case is pending in Ireland, in which the plaintiff is a widow named Harris, over fifty years of age, with children who are settled down and married, and the defendant, a man named Kelly, is a widower well over eighty years of age.

PRICELESS RECORDS IN DANGER.

The most splendid collection of manuscripts in England—the national collection, which is kept at the Record Office, Rolls Buildings, Chancery-lane, was in danger yesterday afternoon, when a fire broke out.

But the fire brigade was speedily notified. Within a short space of time three escapes and four steamers were on the spot, and the flames were extinguished before they had a chance of spreading.

HANGED WITH A HANDKERCHIEF.

William Bolton, of Gateshead, was sent to gaol for theft, and a few days afterwards he committed suicide in an extraordinary fashion.

With the handkerchief allowed by the authorities he hanged himself from a gas bracket that was only 3ft. from the floor, and to strangle himself he had practically to lie down and remain in the one position until death came.

"Suicide" was the jury's verdict, there being no evidence to show the state of the dead man's mind.

TO LEGALISE MUSIC-HALL "SKETCHES."

Captain Jessel, M.P., has introduced into the House of Commons a Bill which aims at settling the lines on which "sketches" and ballets may be given in music-halls.

The Bill provides that in any music-hall, theatre of varieties, or place licensed for public dancing, etc., ballets and sketches may be presented, but they must not exceed forty minutes in duration, and no more than six principal performers are to take part in them.

There is to be an interval of at least half an hour between any two ballets or sketches, and there is to be no connected plot between any two ballets or sketches presented at such places of entertainment on the same evening.

But this will not directly affect the present dispute between the rival managers, as the Bill cannot become law for some time.

THE CHANCELLOR SHOULD NOTE.

A report of a recent extraordinary speech delivered by Judge Rentoul at a Church of England Temperance Society meeting at Biggleswade, is published in the "Herts Express." The Judge is stated to have said:—"I had before him a returned South African soldier charged with an offence that was within an ace of manslaughter, who committed the crime while drunk, and to him he said: 'You committed this crime under the influence of drink. You were made drunk with the strong approval of the Legislators of this country, whose servant I am, and you were made drunk with the enthusiastic approval of the Christian Church that won't fight the Christian battle in this country as it ought to be fought, and I won't sentence you,' and he was at large now." Dr. Rentoul is also said to have declared that he expects the Lord Chancellor to take notice of this and other actions of his.

The Brighton electric trams are running from the bridges to Streatham to-day.

"The London actress," says the Parisian ladies' paper "Femina," "is more beautiful than her French sister-worker, the French artist."

Haymaking is now in full swing in Essex, and some excellent crops have already been gathered. The corn is also looking well, but the harvest will be late this year.

At their last hunt the Dumfriesshire Otter Hounds killed the largest otter ever known in Scotland, viz., a dog otter of 29lb. in weight, and measuring 4ft. 3in. in length.

"Any person attempting to come on this jetty without paying his toll or insulting the collector is liable to a fine of 40s." This notice may be seen on a jetty in the Isle of Wight. Whether many passengers accept the alternative to paying and insulting the collector is not recorded.

BREAD WAR CHEAPENS LOAVES.

There is a "bread war" in progress at Newport, Mon., and loaves are extraordinarily cheap. It is being fought between the Master Bakers, the Millers' Association and the non-associated bakers. The Millers' Association have now given notice that they will reduce the price of the 4lb. loaf to 3d.

ALTERED HIS MIND.

A man walked into the Highgate Police Station and asked to be locked up, but seeing no reason for it the police ejected him. He returned, and was ejected again, and then he came back and made a scene.

Then the police saw their way to oblige him, and were going to lock him up when he altered his mind, and resisted so strenuously that it took two constables to get him into the cells.

At Highgate yesterday he was fined 5s.

CAT FOSTERS A JACKDAW.

An extraordinary sight is to be witnessed at Bousley, Lincolnshire. In the goods shed of the Great Northern Railway Company there is a box, in which a jackdaw is being reared together with three kittens. The mother of the kittens pays equal attention to the jackdaw and kittens alike.

The bird was placed in the box soon after the kittens were born, and has now been there some three weeks.

GORDON-BENNETT RACE IN LONDON.

In order that members of the Automobile Club who stay at home can have a little excitement over the Gordon-Bennett race on Friday next, a large white screen, 15ft. by 12ft., is being erected in the club smoking-room.

The course will be marked out on the screen with lines, which will each represent five minutes. The cars representing the seven different countries will be distinguished by coloured and numbered discs. By a system of continuous telegrams the members will be made aware of the progress of the race.

MYSTERIOUS CLERKENWELL STABBING.

The Clerkenwell police are investigating an extraordinary outrage perpetrated in Cyrus-street, Clerkenwell, yesterday.

Three children, while playing in the street, were stabbed by a mysterious woman, who, without a word of warning, stabbed each of them with a pen-knife and then made off.

The screams of the little ones brought a constable and the mother of one of them upon the scene, and they were removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. After having their wounds dressed they were allowed to return home.

WALKED A CHALK LINE.

"Drunk or in trouble?" was what the Monmouthshire magistrates had to decide in the case of John Haines, landlord of the Tredgar Arms Inn, Pontymer, who was summoned for being drunk on his own licensed premises.

The police asserted that he was drunk as they had seen him staggering about, but directly the accusation was made the defendant went to his doctor, and at that gentleman's request successfully walked a chalk line.

He said that he had had a lot of trouble through his wife, and the Bench, after hearing the evidence, accepted his explanation.

ENGINE RACE IN A SHED.

One of the latest triumphs of engineering skill is to be found at the Great Western Railway Works at Swindon.

An engine, after being placed on a machine, runs on wheels fitted with tyres which correspond to the tread and section of the permanent way.

Thus it can race without moving, and all the tests usually made on a trial trip can be conducted inside the works with all the appliances at hand. The dangers of a breakdown and subsequent blocking of the main line are thus obviated, and the work of experimenting is simplified.

Two men summoned on a jury at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday were fined 45s each for not being in attendance.

Owing to the sudden illness of Mr. Garrett, the South-Western Police Court magistrate, Mr. Fenwick took the cases there yesterday.

Out of 4,622 candidates in the mercantile marine who were examined in "colour vision," i.e., for colour-blindness, last year, there were only twenty-one failures.

"It is a case of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs," said a bookmaker at West Ham Police Court yesterday. He meant that he had recently been fined too often.

WAR CAUSED THE "ASCOT CUP."

The Ascot Cup was first given through England being at war with Russia in 1854.

In that year the "Empire's Plate," which was first given in 1845 by the Emperor Nicholas to commemorate his visit to this country in 1844, and had since been continuously presented, was refused by the stewards, who substituted the Ascot Cup, of the value of three hundred guineas.

MAGISTRATES SAW THE JOKE.

Charged at Newcastle with stealing a bicycle, William Finlayson, of Wallsend, said he saw one machine standing by a house at 10.30 at night and thought it would be a good joke to take it for a week and restore it the following week to the same place at the same time.

The Bench accepted his explanation, and bound him over as a first offender.

POPULAR OPERA BOOMING.

Having frankly recognised that operas by English composers are not in demand in London Mr. Moody-Manners is getting better audiences at Drury Lane, where foreign operas in English are now being presented.

The growing support may permit of an extension of the present season, and practically ensures that opera in English will be an annual event in London.

DIED FOR HER BROTHER.

Margaret Atkinson, the thirteen-year-old daughter of a Portadown man, sacrificed her life in an unavailing attempt to save her brother, aged twelve.

The two children were crossing the railway near Portadown, and when half way across the line the girl saw a train approaching.

She ran forward to pull her brother into a place of safety, but was too late, and both were killed.

SHOT FROM BEHIND A HEDGE.

Mr. Thomas Roche, a farmer, was driving to mass with his wife and daughter, when he was fired at near Corofin, eight miles from Ennis.

The assailant was hiding behind a hedge, and fired when the car was about fifteen yards distant. Mr. Roche was struck in the neck by several pellets, whilst her umbrella was riddled with shot.

The mysterious assailant has not yet been arrested.

WORKED WITH FRACTURED SKULL.

John Gunn, a guard on the Great Eastern Railway, told a friend that he had been boxing on Whit Monday and received a nasty blow. On May 26 he fell off a horse he was riding, but he did not then complain of having hurt himself.

On Friday last he died, and a post-mortem examination showed that the cause of death was a fractured skull.

At the inquest yesterday the jury decided that the injury must have been inflicted when Gunn fell from his horse, and a verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

COULD NOT FACE HIS WIFE.

"Deceased was evidently troubled about losing his employment, and hadn't the courage to face his wife when she would naturally expect him to come home with his wages," said Mr. Wynne Baxter in giving evidence when holding an inquest on the body of Frederick Hawkins, a carman of Bromley.

His wife said that on Saturday morning he left the house as usual, as she thought to go to work. Not returning at night she went to his employer, and was surprised to hear that he had been discharged the day before. On Sunday morning she was informed that his body had been found in the Limehouse Cut.

The verdict was Suicide while of unsound mind.

WAR TROPHIES ARE SCARCE.

The Crew Patriotic Committee applied to the War Office for one of the trophies of the Boer war to be placed alongside the beautiful memorial in the Queen's Park to the Crew Railway Engineers who served in the campaign.

They have now received a reply from Lord Hardwicke stating that the limited number of trophies preclude any recommendation in favour of towns even so patriotic as Crew.

With Ascot just ahead there was not much sign of reviving business on the Stock Exchange yesterday, and markets are likely to be very slack during the week. Consols are dull and have been quoted well below 90 for cash, but are rallying at the finish, and the cash price was finally quoted at 90 midday. The various new "scrips" have shown a somewhat dull tendency.

There were two distinct tendencies in the Home Railway market. The leading "Heavy" railway stocks were rather depressed on money and dividend prospects, and suffered in the morning with Consols. But in the Southern passenger group there was a distinctly better feeling, for here the market was cheered up by a good Brighton and South Coast traffic return, which was nearly 45,000 above estimate.

Americans opened with a very satisfactory show of strength. The main points brought forward were better crop news, a good Bank statement, and a recovery of stock. But New York rather upset calculations by selling in the afternoon. Ontario, however, closed strong.

Canadian Rails were dull, and there was little showing in Mexican Rails. But the Argentine Railway group at one time looked decidedly firmer, sympathy was with Argentine Government bonds, on the statement that the Argentine Presidential election was satisfactorily concluded and that the right man was chosen.

In the Foreign market, the only feature to notice, apart from Argentines mentioned above, was the continued firmness of Japanese securities. Otherwise the tendency was generally rather depressed.

The Hudson's Bay dividend exceeded expectations. Not only was 4s. paid, but a 10s. share was given a dividend of 3s. On this the price was put up. Docks were also rather better. The Meat share group continued depressed, but still at the close a dealer loudly cheered for Nelsons at 20s.

West Africans presented no feature among the mining shares. Kafirs were simply dull and depressed with little business. But the low-priced rubbish Westerns furnished another sensation in the morning by falling heavily, though they rallied somewhat from the close. The decision to lease the Stratton's Independence Mine instead of working it is a fitting end to one of the great mining fancies of the last few years. In West Africans the Biblical crushing was liked.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we make special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street market after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

Consols 2½ p. 89½	90½	Pacific	116½	117½
Do Account	90½	Wellington	125	126
India 3 p. 92½	93	Mineral First	78½	79½
London C.C. 3 p. 92½	93	Do. Ord.	17½	18½
Nat. War Loan	92½	Consolidated	102½	103½
Transvaal Loan	92½	Do. Def.	84½	85½
Argentine 1888	103½	Canadian Pacific	121½	122½
Do Fund's	103½	Do. 1st Pref.	101½	102½
Brazilian 4 p. 1889	76	Do. 2nd	84½	85½
Do. W. of Minas	87	Do. 3rd	28½	29½
Chili 1886	85	Nitrato Ord.	74	75
Chinese 5 p. 1890	103½			
Egyptian United	103½			
Japan 4 p. 1880	87			
Do. 4 p.	87			
Pers. Debts	89½			
Do. Pref.	24½			
Portuguese	103½			
Russian 4 p. 1889	90½			
Spanish 4 p. (Sd)	85½			
Turkish 4 p. U. D.	88½			
Uruguay 3½ p.	50½			
Brighton Def.	121½			
Calcutta Def.	31½			
Central London	104			
Chatham Ord.	10			
Do. Pref.	98			
Do. 2nd Pref.	63			
Great Eastern	90			
Gr. Northern Def.	40½			
Great Central A.	145			
Great Western	97			
Metropolitan	96½			
Midland Pref.	28½			
Do. Def.	68½			
North British Def.	44½			
North Eastern	109			
North Western	151½			
South Eastern Def.	59½			
South West. Def.	163			
Do. Ord.	163			
Atchison	73			
Baltimore	81½			
Chesapeake	140			
Do. N.Y. & P.	140			
Denver	20½			
Erie	20½			
Ill. & Ind.	103½			
Illinois Cent.	138½			
L. & N.	112½			
Missouri	102½			
N. Copper	31			
Ontario	26½			
Norfolk	57½			
Pennsylvania	109			
Reading	24½			
Southern Ord.	21½			
Southern Pacific	48½			
Union Pacific	87½			
U. S. Steel Ord.	9			
Do. Pref.	55½			
Wabash Pref.	30½			
R.A. Gt. South	133			
Ex div.				
Pacific	116½			
Do. Account	90½			
Mineral First	78½			
Do. Ord.	17½			
Consolidated	102½			
Do. Def.	84½			
Canadian Pacific	121½			
Do. 1st Pref.	101½			
Do. 2nd	84½			
Do. 3rd	28½			
Nitrato Ord.	74			
Allyed Bread	58			
Asphalt Ord.	57½			
Cast. Iron	80½			
Cons. Gold	92½			
Hudson Bay	40½			
L.N. Gen. Ord.	110			
Portuguese	103½			
L. & I. D. D. Ord.	84½			
Nelson's	107½			
Sweetmeat Aust.	10½			
Vickers, Maxim	109			
Welshcorg	3			
Anglo-French	38			
Ashanti Co. P.	24½			
Assoc. G. M.	21			
Barnato Cons.	23			
Champ. Reef	330½			
Cons. G. M.	21			
Hudson Bay	40½			
L.N. Gen. Ord.	110			
L. & I. D. D. Ord.	84½			
Nelson's	107½			
Sweetmeat Aust.	10½			
Vickers, Maxim	109			
Welshcorg	3			
Anglo-French	38			
Ashanti Co. P.	24½			
Assoc. G. M.	21			
Barnato Cons.	23			
Champ. Reef	330½			
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FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

The "Daily Mirror" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom for 1d. per day for the convenience of holiday-makers.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1904.

WORK AND PLAY.

That is an instructive little story which comes from Berlin about a suggestion that the Ministers of the German Empire should take up golf. When the Emperor heard of it, he did not hesitate to show displeasure and surprise. "My Ministers," he is reported to have said, "have quite enough work to occupy their time without dissipating their energies on a mere game."

Read this story in connection with the article which a leading Austrian newspaper has just devoted to the success of the Japs, and then consider whether there is not a moral for us to be drawn from them. Japan's secret, says the "Neue Freie Press," lies in the fact that every Japanese believes work to be the only thing which justifies a man's existence.

There is something in the saying that Waterloo was won upon the playing-fields of Eton. But war nowadays is a much more scientific business than it was in 1815, and when Port Arthur falls we shall be able to say with perfect truth that it was overthrown in the schools of Tokio. It is work and not play that has made the Japanese a great nation within less than fifty years.

So far as the classes which earn their own living are concerned, we in England work hard enough, and sometimes too hard. But there is a very large class which never justifies its existence at all, which lives, as the Bishop of Stepney has just been saying, solely for pleasure, and which, by its example, has a bad effect upon the nation generally.

Unfortunately, it is from this class that many of our State officials and soldiers of high rank are drawn. Office in too many cases goes, like kissing, by favour, instead of by merit. The standard of effort required is not high enough. They have a much higher ideal both in Tokio and in Berlin.

We said yesterday that the question people would be asking one another to-day would be "Where has Dowie gone?" We were true prophets. Dowie has indeed gone. He departed mysteriously yesterday afternoon. As he arrived without welcome, so he left no regrets behind him, except those of the poor afflicted creatures who hoped he would cure them by faith-healing. He may come back, as he threatened on Sunday, to conduct a house-to-house visitation in a few years' time, but we will let the morrow take thought for the things of itself. For the present we are rid of this greedy impostor, and it is a great relief.

Mr. Arnold-Forster was quite right in saying yesterday that we shall never get enough men into the Army if we do not help them to get employment when they come out of it. Yet it is difficult to make that understood, and to overcome the prejudice against ex-soldiers. Everyone, therefore, should support the association which has this task in hand. It is doing an excellent work.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The part played by the prima donna has been brilliant, but it can hardly be urged that she has exerted a fruitful or even beneficial influence on the evolution of music. . . . Handel's short way of dealing with a recalcitrant prima donna was to threaten to throw her out of the window if she would not sing what he had written for her. Wagner struck at the root of the evil by refusing to write for her at all.—C. L. Graves, in "The Diversions of a Music-Lover" (Macmillan, 6s.).

THE MODERN PROPHET IN THE WILDERNESS.



The first Elijah was fed by ravens in the wilderness. This is how the second Elijah would have dealt with his feathered benefactors.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

Very little goes on in town during Ascot week. Those who are not staying away for the races like to pretend that they are, and do not show themselves much. As a matter of fact though, so many people now either motor to the course and back, or else take the train, that there is little reason for such a complete cessation of evening parties in London. The absence of the King and Queen makes a difference, no doubt. It is the fashion to do very little regular entertaining when they are not at the Palace. But it is habit more than anything else which accounts for the blankness of Ascot week from a social point of view.

Lord Churchill is a great man at Ascot. It is he who distributes the tickets for the Royal Enclosure, and is for a time one of the best hated men in the country. However, no one has been known to keep up a permanent hostility to this perfect courtier, who is so exceedingly good-looking and always so admirably dressed. He has a very good-looking wife, too, and a small son who will in time be as much a name at Court as his father; he is already a Page of Honour to the King. In any occupation which demands good temper and good looks with a moderate amount of intellect, Lord Churchill would be certain to succeed, and only very early risers could best him in his knowledge of the horse.

"The Countess with a conscience." That was the nickname bestowed long ago upon Lady Aberdeen, who presided yesterday at the opening of the World's Women's Congress in Berlin. This conscience of hers leads her into all sorts of odd company, yet she always seems to be thoroughly enjoying her life. Once a week she dines with her servants. Almost every day she attends some meeting or other. Her enthusiasm does not even stop at the regeneration of the lower orders. She wants to reform society as well.

The Countess, for instance, would be sure to agree with the denunciation of society in which the Bishop of Stepney has just indulged for its devotion to pleasure at the expense of duty and happiness. This is by no means the first attack our youngest prelate has made upon the fashionable world. He once told an audience at a charity meeting that the undergraduates he knew at Oxford and the girls he met in great houses were no better really than the young men and women with whom he came into contact as a prison chaplain. "The difference was only one of privileges and opportunities and social habits."

He is quite as outspoken as to the shortcomings of the poor. Drink he believes to be the cause of almost all the poverty in this country, and he has often pointed out how much more sober are the working populations of Germany and the United States. Bishop Lang is a favourite with the King, as he was with Queen Victoria, who took a special in-

terest in this enthusiastic young Scotsman. Once she thought he ought to get married. "A wife would be as good as half-a-dozen curates," her Majesty said. "Yes, ma'am, but supposing we didn't agree?" "Well, you don't agree with your curates always, do you?" "No, ma'am, but then I send them away." The Queen smiled.

Brighton people take a more than usual interest in the present happenings in Morocco, for the Kaid Maclean, the British ex-non-commissioned officer, who has risen to be Commander-in-Chief of the Sultan's army, always spends his time there with his family when he makes his visits to England. Nearly all the Kaid's children have been born and brought up in Morocco, and are thoroughly Moorish in their sympathies. This is particularly the case with the Kaid's eldest daughter, a fine young woman, and an expert at all manner of sports. Miss Maclean is reputed to know as much of the ramifications of politics at Fez as her father, and she has a great influence with the Sultan, whom she has known since he was a boy.

Ever since he came to the throne Abdul Aziz has shown greater respect towards Miss Maclean than towards any subject of his realm. Between himself and the Kaid there have been intervals of coolness, brought about by Court intrigues and by French influence, but towards Miss Maclean his respectful homage has never abated, and in the bazaars it is freely said that no important move on the chessboard of State has ever been made without her advice. Further, it is believed that his wholesale adoption of British customs has been due to her almost unconscious influence. Miss Maclean is, in manner and appearance, the very antithesis of the typical woman intriguer in politics—just a fine, dashing, handsome, young Scots lassie, nothing more.

Mr. David Bisham's domestic troubles, of which the public has heard so much this year, have not affected his voice. At his concert yesterday, the only one he will give this year, he sang as finely as ever. Mr. Bisham once blamed the English public for being too faithful to those who had once pleased it, and contrasted us with the Americans in this respect. Perhaps he now finds this faithfulness to old favourites more to his taste. It is about fourteen years since he first sang in this country. He was not meant to be a singer. In fact, he had a struggle to avoid being turned into trade. But he has never had occasion to regret that he chose his calling for himself.

Never buy picture postcards without looking at them first. A friend of mine who did found himself in possession of a photograph of the Tower labelled "Windsor Castle," and various other absurdities. Of course, the postcards were "printed in Saxony." It is worth while taking the trouble to patronise home industries when the foreigner offers you such a very inferior article.

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

The Earl of Dundonald.

It was an unfortunate slip of the tongue which made Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier, call him "a foreigner," for a more typical Briton never lived.

It was a typically British indiscretion, for example, which involved him in the dispute that everyone, both in Canada and in this country, is talking about to-day. There seems little doubt, however, that the Minister for Agriculture did mix up politics with military matters, and all who think more of Efficiency than of Party will be on Lord Dundonald's side.

He was born fifty-two years ago, and has been distinguished ever since. Nature designed him for one of the world's workers, and he has fulfilled his destiny. Also, being a peer, he has had his reward in fuller measure than might have fallen to a commoner.

Hard work made him an excellent soldier. No one got more reputation than he out of the Boer War, and he deserved it every bit. Yet he is as modest as a man who knows his own mind and his worth can be. Boasting is as foreign to his nature as putting on social "side."

That is why he has made himself so popular in Canada as Commander of the Forces. He takes quite the colonial view of drill and pipe-play. "There are other things of more importance." Also he believes in citizen-soldiery, voluntary, if possible; otherwise by compulsion of the State.

Should the Canadian Government dispense with his services there will be trouble, though he himself would be the last man in the world to make it or even to wish for it.

But men as good as he are scarce, and plenty of people in Canada know it, even if Ministers don't.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What Was the Origin of the Royal Procession at Ascot?

It was instituted by George the Fourth, who was very fond of splendour and pageantry.

Soon after he came to the throne he drove to Ascot Races with a coach and four and a magnificent retinue, and passed up the "New Mile" amid the acclamations of the crowd.

Ever since then the custom has been kept up. During the greater part of the last reign the Prince of Wales used to take his mother's place.

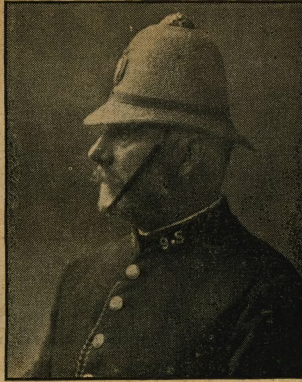
There have been races at Ascot since the days of Queen Anne, but the history of the meeting under its present conditions does not date back further than about 1746.

WARNED BY A DREAM.



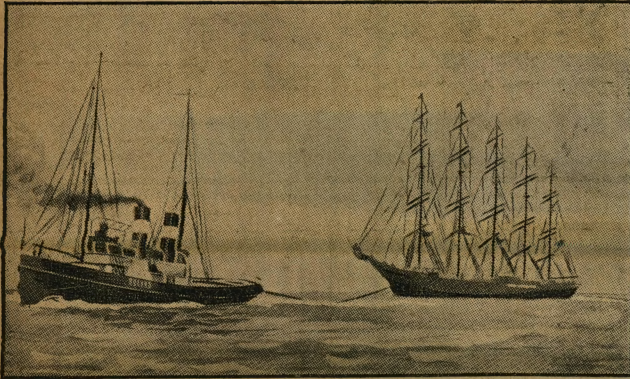
Mr. Harold Hornby, the missing violinist, and his wife, who was mysteriously warned in a dream of his disappearance.

STRAW POLICE HELMETS.



The Scarborough police have been provided with straw helmets for summer wear. The new headgear is light and cool.—(Photograph by Sarony.)

STEAM TUG SOLD TO RUSSIA.



The steam tug Roland, which has been sold to the Russian Government. She is immensely powerful, having 1,500 indicated horse-power, and in this photograph is towing the largest sailing ship afloat, a vessel of 4,765 tons register.

TO SING IN ORATORIO.



Madame Suzanne Adams has decided to add the singing of oratorio and ballads to her operatic work, and has given up her annual American visit in favour of engagements in oratorio in England. She intends also to make a speciality of old English folk-songs for the concert platform.—(Photograph by Ellis and Walery.)

YESTERDAY'S TRIP IN THE STATE BARGE.



Mr. W. East, the King's Bargemaster, who was yesterday responsible for the safety of the King and Queen during their trip from Eton College to Windsor in the old state barge, is standing in the centre of the back row. The old barge, built 213 years ago, had not been used for generations.—(Photograph by Ball.)

TO-DAY'S THEATRICAL WEDDING.



MISS MABEL TERRY-LEWIS.

(Photograph by Langfrier.)

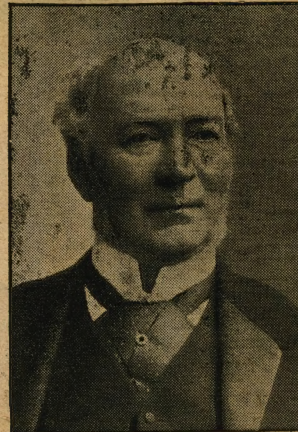


CAPTAIN RALPH BATLEY.

(Photograph by Dickinson.)

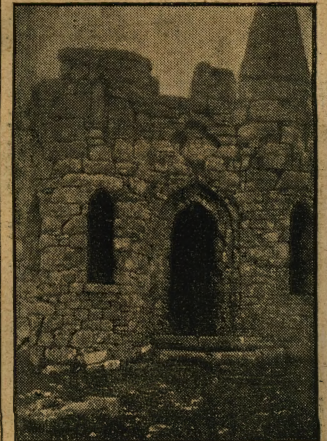
Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, the charming actress, is to be married to-day to Captain Ralph Batley at St. Mary Abbot's Church. Miss Terry-Lewis is the niece of Miss Ellen Terry.

JUSTICE AT ASCOT.



Sir Albert de Rutzen, who, as chief magistrate of the metropolis, will attend, in accordance with ancient custom, at Ascot to-day and on each day during the races to administer justice.—(Photograph by Russell and Sons.)

LAND'S END TRAGEDY.



The ruins of Castle-an-Dinas, quite close to Land's End, where the mutilated body of Jessie Richards, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a farmer, was found with six bullet wounds in the face.

GRINDING CORN FOR OUR TROOPS IN TIBET.



A Tibetan young lady, of more than ordinarily prepossessing appearance, grinding corn. The Tibetans, never a handsome race, are not improved by the fact that they never wash. The rigour of the climate is the reason they give for their dislike of water.—(Photographed by an officer of the British force.)

THE MOTOR IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

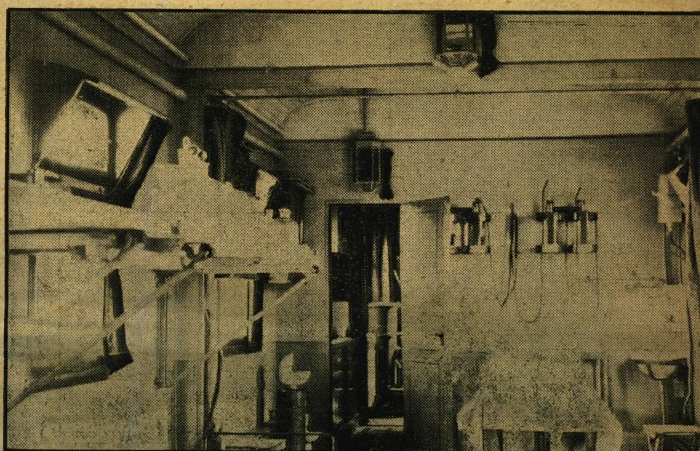


The motor-car has been employed by the Russian Army since its first appearance, but very little practical use has been made of it. During manoeuvres staff officers were often carried on motors, but owing to the nature of the country in Manchuria few cars have been sent to the front.

FROM THE SCENE OF THE ACTUAL FIGHTING.



Baikal Cossacks on the march, to the south of Mukden, advancing towards the Russian position at Liao-yang.—(Photograph by the Charles Urban Trading Co.)



The operating-room in the new Russian hospital train. The equipment of the train is considered to be far in advance of that of the hospital trains used in South Africa, though much praised at that time. The Tsarina has been particularly interested in the organisation of the Russian military hospital system.—(Photograph by the Charles Urban Trading Co.)

THE WAR CLOUD IN THE NEAR EAST.



The unrest in the Balkans is steadily growing. Kumanova, was recently pillaged by Bulgarian troops before they were defeated by the Serbs. In which the regular Bulgarian troops are trying to join the insurgents. A company are here placed up.

TOILETTES AND MILLINERY FOR ASCOT RACES.

ROYAL ASCOT.

TOILETTES FOR SOCIETY'S SMARTEST RACE WEEK.

To-day all roads lead to Ascot, and those wayfarers, metaphorically speaking, who go to the race meeting are going to put on their smartest attire. For have we not reached the season's climax, and are not women glorying in toilettes and millinery as lovely as mind of femininity can imagine?

The Sign of the Gala Toilette.

The elbow sleeve is the accompaniment of this summer's gala dress, and really acts as a hall mark, whereas in other seasons it has been few and far between, now it prevails. With it the long sequinaire glove is the rule. In nine out of ten a sleeve breaks out into extravagant laciness below the elbow, although some of the frocks follow law laid down by a great dressmaker, and induce chiffon frillings instead of much lace. The bodice fitted to the figure is unquestionably the thing ground. One specimen of the sketch at right side of one picture portrays.

An idea exploited on several of the most successful frocks seen in the Park on a recent sunny noon was the draping of the corsage with lace running round the body, but defining the line of the waist and figure.

The sleeves of the model harmonise excellently with the rest of the corsage, and are of a type that bring much favour in Paris. They are exceedingly full to the elbow, but are gauged closely up outside of the arm, the gauging being done with a narrow bouillonné. This gives the effect of a draped sleeve, and retains the excessiveness, while to a certain extent it defines the line of the arm.

And Yokes Taboo.

Simultaneously with the decorative sleeve comes transparent yoke made of lace, with a high laced. Such stocks when hooked round the neck, so that they can be removed at any time, are very useful with a bolero. Piece lace is very good transparent yoke, but if it is

of a very open pattern it should be lined with chiffon, for to show the skin beneath the lace is no longer modish.

Stiff white linen collars, falling in a deep point over the bodice, are worn with the finest slips, and some girls will not become martyrs to fashion, and these are still wearing blouses without collar bands, and are tying black ribbon velvet round the throat.

A dressy way to finish the neckless shirt is in the form of the surplice front, folded across. The open part in this case is pointed in front and transparent yoke filler is with it remarkably pretty.

All women they say are gamblers at heart, but few are sufficiently crazy to tempt the dust of a fine day or the moisture of a wet one (though the latter is of less importance) without a cloak or coat. One of the utmost beauty is illustrated—a coat of putty coloured taffetas trimmed with black taffetas ribbon. Another still more delicate overall is an Inverness cape carried out in white taffetas, with a puffed edge of pale straw-coloured satin, ruffled at the edges with lace to match.

Millinery Blossoms.

Panics are receiving more attention in millinery than ever before, and all the small orange and yellow flowers are prominent. Small fruit, too, is ripening upon a large number of the season's hats. Gooseberries are high in favour, and are quite lovely in colouring.

The berries and fruit share the fate of the flowers, and are made not only in natural colouring but in a whole gamut of shades, that give the lie to nature. Berries shading through all the dull, light blues, mauves, and greens, are found clustered together upon one hat.

To revert once more to the subject of blossoms, much is done in millinery with the graceful wistaria, which is cleverly made in all colours. A mushroom-shaped hat for Ascot is made of loosely plaited grass straw, and the outside is almost covered with wistaria and its foliage, falling from the centre out towards the edge of the brim.

The light blue and hydrangea blue straws are very numerous, and are usually trimmed with shaded blue flowers and a touch of dark blue velvet. They are worn with the popular dark blue frocks, and, indeed, with frocks of many shades.



A race coat of biscuit-coloured taffetas, decorated with black velvet, a gown of mauve and black trimmed with dull gold buttons and mousseline, and a quaintly gauged royal blue velvet gown are illustrated here.

FOUND AT 70.

The Power of Food.

A lady who had not enjoyed good health for many years presents an unusually convincing instance of the power of proper food. She says: "I am seventy-four years old this fall, and I never had good health that I can remember since I was a child until I commenced to use Grape-Nuts four years ago."

"From the very first I could feel a vast improvement, and now in four years I have gained so much that I do all my own work, and feel I cannot say too much in favour of Grape-Nuts and what this grand food has done for me as old as I am."

"I have recommended Grape-Nuts to several, and they all have been benefited by it." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 65, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.

The power of proper food (which means food that the stomach will digest and at the same time yields all the necessary nourishment) is almost unlimited, and that's the reason ten days' trial of Grape-Nuts often works a wonder.

Look for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville" in each package.



A lovely toilette is here shown made of white mousseline posed upon a lavender background, and trimmed with broad bands of Maltese lace. The hat is one of delicate lavender chip, banded with a scarf of satin and trimmed with huge lavender and cream roses.

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XII. (continued.)

The grip of those strong, tenacious fingers on his arm drove the blood from Philip Denzil's heart. He was quite certain that he had been captured by one of the warders, and, as a brief and terrible vision of the days to come shot across his brain, he uttered a wild, sharp cry. He felt as a bird would caged in some sharp, steel trap, powerless to escape.

"What the devil's the matter with you, man?" the hold on his arm relaxed, and the speaker moved a little back; "you were straying off the foot-path," the voice went on, "and Holden Mirz is close at hand. More than one man has been sucked down, losing his way in a mist like this, as I caught at your arm to pull you back to the path. Did you think I meant to murder you?" the speech ended with a sharp and wholly disagreeable laugh.

Philip Denzil gathered his scared wits together and uttered some half-articulate words of thanks, then, with a rush of courage, he began to explain his presence on the moor.

"I'm trying to make my way to Farden village, and I got lost in the mist. Have you any idea where we are?"

"Over four miles from Farden, off that track altogether; pretty close to Mortlake village, though, I've a hole of a cottage on the outskirts—a kennel, nothing better—but it is at least dry." Again came the bitter, merciless laugh.

Denzil started and racked his brains, for somehow he remembered that laugh; he had heard it before—but where? Surely he knew the man, and what if the man knew him? It might mean, it would mean, discovery. He determined to slip away in the fog; it would be quite easy. Meanwhile he must try his best to disguise his voice.

"I tell you what," his companion said, after a brief pause—the two men were walking side by side, two vague, indefinite shapes—"I don't know who you are, and, God knows, I don't care, but you're pretty well bound to lose your way trying to reach Farden, so you may spend the night in my kennel if you like. There's a bone to gnaw and a straw to sleep on, and a fire—I always have a fire—as to my company, I'm not at all fastidious, rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief—they are all shapes who pass in the morning, shadows from

the magician's magic lantern, each as good as the other."

A roof, food, fire; the chilled and hungry man listened to the offer, and he felt a sick craving to take the other at his word. He was not so sure about the voice now, and, even if he had ever met this man before, it must have been over thirty years ago; and how could anyone recognise in the worn and shattered wreck he had become the once gay and brilliant Philip Denzil?

Besides, this man offered free lodging to rich man or thief, so it would not be in his creed to betray a hunted, desperate soul. "Would you really take me in," he began, with some hesitation, "and give a night's shelter to an utter stranger?"

"I'd take in the devil if he happened to lose his way in the mist—aye, or the Archbishop of Canterbury—but the former for choice and for good company." Again the laugh rang out that betrayed so much bitterness. "Yes, or the convict they are hunting. What do I care? Each guest provides food for thought, and since I have given up reading books I have learnt to read men."

Philip Denzil, for all his hunger and exhaustion, began to get interested in his strange companion, and peered at him through the veil of mist, but he could make out little beyond the fact that the stranger seemed to be about his own height. And this man would shelter the convict other men were hunting; there was something fine in such wide charity, and, almost involuntarily, Denzil pressed closer, for he felt like a stray cur who has just found a protector.

"It is lucky for you that you belong to the right sex," the unknown began, after they had plodded on for some way in silence. "Had you been a woman, why, confound it, I wouldn't have stretched out my hand and drawn you back to the path—no, not for all the gold in the universe."

"You dislike women so?" Philip Denzil asked the question wonderingly; he had loved a woman once, even to the point of worship.

"Dislike women? I hold them in righteous horror; each woman in her way is the devil's own to me. They are evil, heartless creatures; they are the will-o'-the-wisps who lure men to distraction." The man spoke with savage vehemence; his voice had a fierce snarl.

"No, you are wrong," retorted Philip Denzil firmly, "all women are not as you describe them. I loved a woman once, and she—"

"Spare me your rhapsodies," interrupted the other; "I am on the side of the good St. Anthony. Oh, those old saints and monks were wise in their generation. They built deep cellars and fished for

(Continued on Page 11.)

THE KING AND HIS GUESTS.

How His Majesty Entertains His Ascot Party at Windsor Castle—Pastimes and Privileges.

The large party which their Majesties entertain this week at Windsor Castle for Ascot Races is a revival of a custom generally adopted by Queen Victoria in the years preceding Prince Consort's death. It cannot be too often impressed on people, and especially on foreigners, that Windsor Castle is the real palace of the English Sovereign, and that all other royal residences are not only of mushroom growth, but in the cases of Balmoral, Sandringham, and, until recently, Osborne are not adjuncts of the Crown.

The list of distinguished persons honoured by an invitation to spend this week as the guests of the King and Queen is carefully drawn up by the King himself. This invitation is, of course, a command, and all previous engagements have to be cancelled in its favour. But a typical instance of the King's consideration for the convenience of his friends is shown in the fact that these mandates are issued a very considerable time in advance.

The selection of the party is no easy matter. In the first place the numbers are necessarily restricted, as Windsor Castle, in spite of its apparent vastness, is only calculated to lodge within its venerable walls about twenty-four guests exclusive of the royal suite. Most of the gentlemen of the party, besides being territorial magnates or lords of the manor, are also identified more or less directly with the sport of Kings, and in many instances are members of the exclusive Jockey Club. Some care is also taken that the party should vary each year; the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, for instance, who were among the invited in 1902, joined Mr. Arthur Sassoon's party last year, but now are again honoured by a royal command.

NO "TIPS" ALLOWED.

It is unnecessary to say that the King and Queen have always been recognised as an admirable host and hostess, and that no detail conducive to their guests' comfort and pleasure is beneath, or escapes, their royal attention. The royal servants are trained to the highest pitch of perfection, and in every department are forward to render ungrudging service in any direction required. It may not be generally known that it is considered a distinct breach of etiquette, and a violation of the King's expressed wishes, to offer any tip to a domestic member of the Household. Due notice is received by each guest as to the hour at which they are expected to arrive, and a

request is generally made that luggage and personal servants shall precede by an earlier train. The journey to Windsor is made in a reserved saloon or compartment, and carriages from the royal mews are in waiting at the station. In the case of a Prince or Princess of the blood, grey horses are used, and this mark of distinction has been accorded to a few highly-favoured individuals, like the late Lord Salisbury.

On arrival at the Castle the guests are greeted by the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, but do not probably see their august host and hostess until the general assembly for dinner, which takes place at 8.30, where the party is on more than one evening reinforced by the Prince and Princess of Wales and their guests at Frogmore, or by one or more of the officers of the Household Brigade.

The dinner itself, agreeably to the King's well-known views, is a comparatively short affair, though its excellence is almost unrivalled, his Majesty's chef being perhaps only surpassed in his profession by the artist who presides over the Prince of Wales's cuisine.

During the meal one of the two regimental bands stationed at Windsor, or perhaps the band of the A Division of the Metropolitan Police, is commanded to play, and the musical programme is like every other detail, submitted for the King's approval.

QUEEN PLAYS BRIDGE.

In the evening the strict formality observed in the last years of the last reign is now dispensed with. Three or four of the best players are bidden to make up a bridge table for the King, while a round game for the mildest stakes is often arranged for the Queen, who has, however, lately occasionally taken a hand at the more serious bridge. But her Majesty is so passionately fond of music that she more often spends the evening listening to or accompanying on the piano any of her friends who may be vocally endowed.

Shortly before midnight the Queen retires to her own apartments, and the King seldom embarks on a new rubber after that hour. It need scarcely be said that smoking, which in former years was rigidly restricted to the billiard-room, is now generally allowed. Unless some special excuse is offered, everyone is expected to remain until the King leaves the card-table. Before retiring his Majesty is constantly known to engage himself for some time with necessary correspondence. Nevertheless, he is among the earliest stir in the morning, frequently forming one of a riding party in the Park, to watch the manoeuvres of the Household Cavalry or the signalling instruction of the

Foot Guards. Some of the guests are invited to bring their own hacks, and for others excellent mounts are provided from the Royal stables.

At 9.45 there is a short service in the private chapel, which is immediately followed by breakfast, served at round tables, at which, however, the King and Queen do not appear.

At 11 a.m. the ceremony of guard-mounting by the battalion stationed at Windsor takes place in the great quadrangle, and this is invariably watched with great interest by everyone, and especially perhaps by any illustrious foreigner who may be present. At 11.30 the old guard marches away, and it is time to change "fannels," riding dress, or country clothes for the elaborate toilette which Ascot demands.

ROYAL SWEEPSTAKE.

Shortly before 12.30 the Prince and Princess of Wales arrive from Frogmore, and Prince and Princess Christian from Cumberland Lodge, all the ladies and the gentlemen of high rank are told off to the various carriages which have drawn up in the Quadrangle, and the procession is ready for the departure of the Sovereign and the Consort from the State Entrance. The gentlemen who are not in the procession are conveyed with some members of the household by drag or privately in royal carriages to the racecourse. Until after luncheon the ladies remain in the Royal Box conversing with the Queen and Princesses, but during the afternoon they are quite at liberty to visit the Paddock or join their friends in the Enclosure. A sweepstake for the principal race among the Windsor Castle party is usually promoted, and although the amount is very trifling, the winner is warmly congratulated. The "recession" from the course to the Castle is formed as before.

After tea, at which the Queen presides, complete freedom is again given for individual action. A walk to Eton College is perhaps the most favoured move, as it is almost certain that an Eton boy is either a son or a friend of at least one of the party. King Edward, like his predecessors on the Throne, very kindly disposed towards Eton, and his guests and household are always free to invite any of their young college friends to visit them at the Castle and walk in some of the private grounds.

AFTERNOON EXCURSIONS.

On the so-called "off days," as a rule only those ladies who are keenly interested in racing proceed to the course, and any of the gentlemen who wish may also remain at the Castle and join the Queen in one of the afternoon excursions which she may make. For many years the then Princess of Wales used to drive privately to the end of the "straight mile" at Ascot and watch the start for the Hunt Cup and Wokingham Stakes, but the Queen is more prone now to pay an afternoon visit either to Cumberland Lodge or to some personal friend, such as Mrs. Grenfell, at Taplow Court, or the Countess of Gosford, who is residing near Windsor.

The splendid library, with its unique and priceless collection of prints and miniatures, is a very favourite resort for those who have any acquaint-

ance with and love for its treasures; Lord Rosebery, for instance, invariably spends some hours of one afternoon in this beautiful room, of which every corner is of historical interest. On Saturday the whole of the day is devoted to the exception, perhaps, of Count Mendorsoff and one or two others, breaks up, the guests leaving by prior arrangement shortly before noon.

To each one the King and Queen personally bid farewell, expressing a hope that the visit has been a happy one, and hinting in gracious terms that the coveted privilege of enjoying their Majesties' hospitality may at no distant date be again conferred.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Collections in the Churches for London Hospitals.

The total of the collection for the Hospital Sunday Fund at St. Paul's on Sunday was just over £4,000. This included two separate anonymous donations of £1,000.

Last year, when the King and Queen attended the special service, the collection was £3,452.

Though it will be some time before the exact amount of Sunday's collection can be made known, the secretary of the fund yesterday informed a *Mirror* representative that he expected it to come well up to the average.

Last year, owing to the personal interest shown in the fund by the King, the record amount of £65,000 was collected.

Among the amounts already forwarded to the secretary's office is £1,350 from Canon Fleming's congregation at Chester-square, which generally takes second place among the London churches.

A quarter of the total amount collected will again be given to the fund by Mr. G. Herring.

MACKEREL AT A PENNY.

"No offer refused" is the attitude of the Billingsgate fish merchants in regard to mackerel, which, during the last fortnight, have been caught off the Cornish coast in such vast quantities that they are now glutting the market.

Over a hundred dealers have averaged a hundred boxes of mackerel a day at prices as low as six shillings a box.

"In the fish market," a *Mirror* representative was told yesterday, "a big catch is not always a blessing. Fish must have a ready sale, and so, though we often make a loss, we must take what prices we can get."

Meanwhile the public can get for a penny large mackerel which a week ago would have cost three-pence each.

THE PREMIER'S DAUGHTER.

(Continued from page 10).

trout; they kept good fires and shut the door on petticoats. Hum; the mist is getting thicker; we must go slowly or I shall be off the path myself."

He spoke truly, the white mist blotted everything out, and the two men, walking side by side, could not even distinguish each other's shape. At last his companion turned sharply off the path and half dragged the old man across some rough ground. Through the mist Denzil had a faint perception of a glowing eye, a red spark of light, and all at once this flashed hurriedly and then disappeared.

"The lamp's burnt out," the man by his side muttered, in low tones; "I thought I left more oil in it." Then he pressed Denzil's arm. "Here we are at the kennel, now for the bone and the straw. I should think you must be ready for both."

A sensation of comfort came over the old man as he crossed the threshold of the small, two-roomed hovel; it was at least beautifully warm, and the warmth seemed to steal over him like an enveloping mantle.

It was too dark to distinguish things clearly, but the darkness was not unpleasant to a man whose eyes had been strained by the white mist. Something stirred in the corner and came forward with a shambling, lumbering and a low whine of pleasure, and two green eyes seemed to peer from another side of the room. And Denzil also fancied he heard what sounded like the flapping of wings. He halted a little nervously.

"You need not be afraid of my friends," his host laughed rather contemptuously. "I'll make the fire blaze up in a second or two, and then you will be able to look at your lodging. This lame crawling creature licking my hand is a mongrel called Hopper. I found him half dead on the highway a year ago. The tin kettle game had been on, and boys had been stoning him for a holiday amusement. Charity, lovely, green-eyed Charity, is my cat, and a rare dainty lady. Some kind cottage woman was going to drown a batch of kittens in the wash-tub, and this wise beast made a wild leap to me, so I had to take and keep her. Faith, shaking his wings in the corner, is a named hawk. One of your stammering needs goes and empty a gun at the bird. Excellent comrades all three, and I am their lord and protector." As the man spoke, he knelt down in front of the fire and began to make it up, but the red coal, yet aglow, did not permit Denzil to see his face: he was still a shadow in the dark as he went on talking briskly. "Do you smell your supper, my unknown

guest? I flatter myself I can stiew a pot against anyone.

As his host spoke he worked the bellows forcibly, and then yawned at the hearth, and then suddenly, to reward his efforts, a glowing tongue of fire shot up. "It'll burn up now," muttered the man. "Down Hopper!" and he pushed the fawning dog away, rose to his feet, and faced his guest.

"My God!" exclaimed Denzil, starting back, "it is Paul Carey!"

CHAPTER XIII. An Unexpected Interference.

During the time when Philip Denzil faced the mist on Dartmoor, walking blindly and helplessly through shadowland, his son went through the same experience, albeit in a mental and imaginative sense.

All that day, as he tried to assume his usual manner and entertain his guests, he seemed to be wandering in some strange desolate country of which he was the only inhabitant, and the man who laughed and jested with Feodora Cary and exchanged pleasantries with the strangers under his hand seemed to be a mere phantom puppet.

He felt he would be thankful when Beatrix had departed, and more thankful still when it was announced to the world that their engagement had come to an end. To play the part of a lover, whilst knowing that everything was really over, and that he was a traitor almost beyond his strength, and he was thankful when Beatrix pleaded a headache and retired to her room after lunch.

The Premier and Colonel Grimwood went off to the billiard-room to play a short game, and Sir Anthony and Miss Jean departed for a stroll in the grounds, and so Heron happened to find himself alone in the large drawing-room with Miss Grizel.

He was rather afraid of the cold, lean woman, who seemed surrounded by an atmosphere of frosty sternness, and he had always fancied she disliked the fact of his engagement to her niece, so he was not at all astonished when, after peering hard at him for a second, she said, in her clear, cool voice:

"I am sorry we have to leave here so suddenly, Mr. Heron; that's the worst of being in the world political. And I want to tell you, before we go to-morrow, that I hope we shall always be warm friends. I am glad you are going to marry

Beatrix—very glad." Here she closed her thin lips with a snap, and, picking up her knitting, began to click the needles with nervous haste. "Straiten my mind," she said, and went to the stairs. So Miss Grizel had not yet been told the truth. Well, he was not going to leave her in ignorance; her speech had touched him, he had never thought of it.

"Thank you for those kind words," he said slowly, looking out on the green expanse of garden and noticing how a mist was beginning to steam up from the moist soil, "but I am afraid before many days are over that you will hear a certain truth, Miss Grizel. Beatrix has decided—and quite wisely under the circumstances—to break off her engagement. I am hardly a suitable match, you know. You had better leave me to the same conclusion. He looks to his daughter to rise and not to stoop on her wedding-day. Then there are other and most excellent reasons why our marriage should never take place—"

"It's not possible—bah, I don't believe it!" Miss Grizel had risen to her feet, letting her knitting fall to the floor. Two spots of colour burnt on her withered cheeks, and her grey eyes flashed fiercely. "You love Beatrix, and the girl loves you—you know she does, man; you know it."

"Yes," he replied gravely, "thank God, I believe—I know she loves me." "And you are going to let a bride part you?" The cursed Chevenix principle, which has soured our race for generations and cankered our hearts. Don't, Mr. Heron, don't! Take warning by myself an my sister. We sacrificed our lives to Robert, to feed the fire of his ambition. Even our men were thrown glacially into his purse to help him during the early years of struggle before he married his rich wife, and what have we got for our pains?" Her voice rose high and shrill; "why, nothing, just nothing at all. We are shrivelled leaves on the Chevenix tree." Miss Grizel pulled herself up with a start, for the door opened slowly and the subject of the discussion entered.

Beatrix looked not at her eyes but at a heavy look about them. She wore a wonderful tea-gown, fashioned of white velvet and bordered about the hem with ermine; a scarf of priceless lace, yellow with age, fell round her shoulders, and she had tucked some violets into the soft folds.

She glanced at John Heron with rather a wan and startled expression, and then, as if surprised to see her aunt standing by his side, evidently absorbed in the conversation her unexpected entrance had interrupted. Beatrix felt in some curious way that the two had been talking about her, and in a way she hardly knew why, she resented it.

"I couldn't sleep," she said rather absently, "and, as my headache felt better, I thought I

would slip on a tea-gown and come down. What a wretched afternoon it has turned out to be, so damp and misty," and here she glanced at John Heron, wondering if he thought wandered, as her own did, to the poor fugitive who might be dead by now for all they knew, or who, worse still, might have been captured.

"Yes, the mists come up soon," he answered quietly.

"One can almost imagine summer flying down the desolate path," Beatrix murmured, the door. "You were not so fanciful at one time," sniffed Miss Grizel; "now, if I saw anything—though, thank Heaven, I don't—in that garden; it would be the new-born soil of love, peering with frightened eyes through the mist, like a poor little child thrust into the dark, and all because Beatrix Chevenix has no mind to take him in and comfort him."

"Aunt Grizel," cried the girl sharply, "how can you speak to me like this? What do you mean?"

"You know well enough what I mean," the other retorted; "what comes between you and the man you told me you loved? Why are you not going to marry John Heron—what's to prevent it, child?"

"Everything on earth," was the slow answer; "please don't ask me any questions. Tell her not to, John; I—I can't bear it."

"Beatrix is not to blame in this," he said steadily; "it is my fault that things are as they are—my fault entirely."

"Then you deserve to suffer," came the stern reply; "why did you make my niece care for you, and what is the trouble? You were not married before, I suppose, out in New Zealand, and now have the woman turning up?"

Heron smiled as he shook his head, and he reflected how nearly comical trenches on tragedy. At the same moment the butler entered the room. A telegram lay on the silver salver, which he handed to his master.

A telegram suggests little in these days of casual and short-noticed invitations; but, somehow, the sight of the orange-yellow envelope at this moment caused Heron's heart to beat violently, and Beatrix to grow even paler than before. She watched eagerly as he tore open the envelope and ran his eyes over the scrap of flimsy pink paper, and she saw his whole face change, and noticed the start he gave.

"John, tell me what has happened; I must know?" There was a note of command in her voice; she had forgotten that her empire was over.

He made no answer, only handed her the telegram.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

GREAT MEN AT THEIR BARBERS.

Fastidious Tastes of Artists, Soldiers, and Politicians in Hairdressing.

"Great men," said a gentlemanly hair-artist, employed by a Bond-street firm, to the *Daily Mirror* Commissioner, "are heroes to their barbers, compared with ordinary clients. Most of them chat freely, chiefly about unimportant subjects, and few display the bad form of the undistinguished man who, while having his hair cut, sometimes pretends to read a paper in order to avoid conversation.

"Lord George Hamilton," he continued, "the only time he came here, talked humorously about politics, and, thinking that I was unaware who he was, posed as a red-hot Radical. I pretended to agree with him."

Mr. Wyndham, according to the same authority, is habitually silent. Critical in the matter of cutting, he invariably re-combs and re-brushes his

he was already overdue at a Cabinet Council at the Foreign Office. "He had his shave all the same," said the *Daily Mirror* commissioner's informant. "I suppose he makes 'better late than bearded' a rule of life."

Mr. J. M. Barrie is known to several barbers whom he patronises as "the gentleman who likes the machine-brush." He invariably instructs his hairdresser to keep the brush going longer than is usual. Mr. W. T. Stead wears his hair long, and has it cut in the Strand. He converses freely. Mr. G. R. Sims has his beard clipped every three days. "He talks incessantly and overwhelms me with questions about my life and business," said the artist responsible for "Dagonet's" greatest glory. In this he resembles Mr. H. G. Wells, who accumulates types for his novels and social studies in converse with his hairdresser.

Padreowski, when in London, sometimes patronises a Polish hairdresser in the West Central district. The great pianist has his hair carefully

back for them, would be even more popular than he is.

Lord Rosebery, as far as could be ascertained, has only once of late years appeared at a London hairdresser's. On that occasion he waited patiently twenty minutes and departed, promising to come back, which he apparently forgot to do.

Sir Redvers Buller is the most genial of soldiers while under fire from the hairdresser. "He talks,

Poynter are all "extremely careful as to how their hair is dealt with." "Clean-shaven artists," said one authority, "are the most fidgety persons imaginable. I have cut more painters than any other class of men. The late Mr. McNeill Whistler once got so impatient under my scissors that he rushed from the shop, jumped into a hansom, and drove off with about two inches of loose hair hanging to his coat."



This sofa, our reporter was told, is stuffed with the hair of great men.

jokes, and invariably asks after my family," said a gentlemanly razor-wielder. "He is the most liberal tipper I know, and once gave half-a-crown to a boy of ours whom he dispatched with a telegram."

Sir Gilbert Parker replies to his barber's verbal attentions with polysyllabic grunts.

The master barber, who contributed this last recollection, pointed to a commonplace red leather divan, and took the *Daily Mirror's* Commissioner by the sleeve.

"I would not accept 1,000 guineas for that piece of furniture, sir. I tell you in confidence that it is

"General Pole-Carew dislikes being kept wait-



Politics have to wait while Mr. Balfour is shaved.

hair himself after the barber has finished. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is a talker, but limits his conversation to the weather, on which topic he is inexhaustible. He is careful, however, never to make predictions, and observes the same Caledonian caution in the matter of his tips.

TAKES THE BRUSH.

Mr. Walter Long, as becomes a hunting man, is fond of the brush. "He insists upon having his hair brushed over and over again." He is taciturn—apparently believing in the muzzling order.

Mr. Lloyd-George is particularly keen that nothing in the least way greasy should touch his head. When being shaved, he insists on keeping his head down, thereby giving much unnecessary work to the razor-hairdresser. For this offence he compounds with a sixpenny tip.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain is not easy to please. He requires his hair cut to within one-tenth of an inch of some undefined standard, and oves the silken sheen of his locks to assiduous brushing and brilliantine. His fastidiousness is inherited from his distinguished father, who, however, does not believe in protection in matters hirsute, his hair being cropped exceptionally short. The founder of the Chamberlain dynasty chats genially all the time.

CABINET KEPT WAITING.

Mr. Balfour, during a hurried visit to town last year, went into a Bond-street barber's to be shaved. Covered with lather and with the razor at his chin, he looked at his watch and remembered that

trimmed every other day, and is exceedingly critical as to the implements used, for he brings his own scissors. Once, when he had forgotten them, he refused a substitute, and drove away unshorn. "He insist to talk th. Polish," said the alien barber, "though us both speak the English perfect."

Sir Gilbert Parker replies to his barber's verbal attentions with polysyllabic grunts.

"Most actors," said one well-known hairdresser, "are as careful as women of their hirsute adornments." But really great Thespians are generally indifferent. Sir Henry Irving confines his instructions to a monosyllabic "cut," and escapes as soon as he can. Sir Charles Wyndham's order is "as usual." Sir Charles is a talker—chiefly about London topics, cab-strikes, and so on. Mr. Beerbohm Tree invariably fixes a time-limit for a shave or hair-cut, usually five minutes. He is intensely impatient and repulses all attempts at conversation.

SOLDIERS FACE THE STEEL.

Mr. Lewis Waller is "extremely particular as to both hair-cutting and shaving." He reads illustrated papers during the former operation, and sometimes makes indecipherable notes on pieces of paper.

Distinguished lawyers are apparently popular patrons of the hairdresser. Both Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Rufus Isaacs "tip generously—and are polite and considerate." Mr. Justice Grant-ham is another liberal tipper, but he is a bad conversationalist—from the barber's point of view. He has a habit of leaving behind valuable canes and umbrellas, and, if he did not unfailingly send



Mr. Wyndham prefers to brush his own hair.

ing," said another hairdresser. "I shaved Sir George White several times after he returned from Ladysmith. He is a good soldier but a bad subject for our art, being restless and hurried." Artists appear to be fastidious. Sir L. Alma-Tadema, Professor Herkomer, and Sir Edward

stuffed with hair from the heads of over a thousand peers, bishops, statesmen, generals, and men of high rank in art and literature." Here the barber paused, and concluded in an awesome whisper, "It even contains several locks from the head of royalty!"

TIN TOWER OF BABEL.

The Great London Tabernacle of the Salvation Army.

UNION OF NATIONS.

In the Strand, just where Holywell-street and the Globe Theatre were in the bad old times, and the promised fine sweep of Aldwych and King's Way is hoped for in the County Council's good time to come, the great tin tabernacle of the Salvation Army raises its three red-gabled roofs to a considerable height.

Blood and fire is the Army's watchword, and the colour of their roof is intended to chime the argument.

Five thousand separate seats are provided, 600 on the platform alone, in this International Hall, as they call it.

Hundreds of "officers," delegates to the International Congress, and representative detachments of the Army from all quarters of the habitable globe, will assemble there.

Men of All Nations.

They will come in their national colours both of skin and garments—black, yellow, red, and white. The North American Indian in his feathers and moccasins, the Zulu in his bits of fur and beads, and the Alaskan, from the bitter land of Klondyke, where the gold lust takes great toll of lives.

The hardy little Jap will shake hands with his merciless enemy the Russian. The Maharrati will forget the caste of the Tamil, and the Gujrat will eat in the shadow of the Punjabi. The yellow man from China will rub his "saved" shoulders, undeterred, against the elbow of the Afriander.

"General" Booth, the man whose powers of organisation and magnetic personality have brought this wonderful about, will open the hall in the Strand at four o'clock on Saturday, June 25, when he will sketch the history of the Army and welcome the leading officers from abroad, who will reply for their respective commands.

They will speak in their native tongues, and interpreters will deal with the words as fast as they fall from their lips, putting them into English.

A modern Babel, saved from dissension and confusion of tongues by that extraordinary cry of "Blood and Fire," the luridly simple faith behind it, and the central Anglo-Saxon speech and influence.

Begins on a Friday.

Evidently days of superstitious ill-luck are discountenanced in the Army, for the Congress itself opens on a Friday, June 24, at the Royal Albert Hall, when the "General" will deliver an inaugural address.

It closes on July 5 with an "International Day" at the Crystal Palace, where the Army will gather in its grandest manner for a "Great Review and March Past," followed by music in the transept from the throats of 4,000 songsters, which will sound, says the programme, like "The Sound of Many Waters."

Not alone for the Army is all this promise of splendour, this bewildering mixture of costume, speech, and colour, where the warlike Zulu becomes a lamb and the last aboriginal Australian a finder of a new faith.

Season tickets are advertised in the programme for sale at half a guinea, this sum to include everything except railway fare to the Crystal Palace.

It is noticeable, however, that young children with or without their parents cannot be admitted to the meetings. Why not? Are the seeds of "Salvation" not suitable for innocent soil?

SIR JOHN SEE RESIGNS.

Mr. Waddell Accepts Premiership of New South Wales.

SYDNEY, Monday.

Sir John See, the Premier of New South Wales, has resigned.

Mr. Waddell, the Colonial Treasurer, has accepted the task of forming a Cabinet.—Reuter.

Sir John See was born in Huntingdonshire in 1845. He went to New South Wales at an early age, and entered politics in 1880. He has since then occupied numerous Government posts.

The Hon. Thomas Waddell was born in Ireland in 1853. He was first elected member of Parliament in 1887. The new Premier is a great cricket enthusiast.

NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR'S FORTUNE.

The will of the late Mr. Edward Hulton, newspaper proprietor, of Manchester, has been proved at £58,436.

The bulk of his property, consisting of shares in the "Athletic News" and "Sunday Chronicle," of Manchester, the testator bequeaths to his son Edward and his three daughters.

He appoints his son governing director of the business.

PICTURES OF THE WAR.

How the Bioscope Accompanies Russian Troops at the Front.

The Charles Urban Trading Company, whose bioscope pictures are being exhibited at the Alhambra nightly, have received from the seat of war two important batches of photographic films.

The difficulties of obtaining bioscope pictures in the Far East are by no means small, and the most elaborate arrangements were made, previous to the outbreak of the war, by the Charles Urban Trading Company to ensure their obtaining actual photographs of actual scenes and events.

Mr. Charles Urban, who was seen by a representative of the *Mirror* yesterday, told how he succeeded in obtaining some important concessions from the Russian authorities for his representatives.

He established a branch at Paris, and through a Russian prince obtained from the War Office at St. Petersburg concessions which could only be granted to a French company.

Interested Charity.

By voluntarily offering to give to the Russian Red Cross Society a percentage of the proceeds derived from the exhibition of the pictures, Mr. Urban greatly improved his chances.

The first batch of pictures which Mr. Urban's representative with the Russian forces obtained was sent in the usual way to St. Petersburg for inspection by the Press censor.

The films were then undeveloped, and, of course, could not be seen by the censor. They were delayed in the Russian capital for three weeks before it was decided that they should be sent to the Russian Embassy in Paris, and developed at the Paris branch of the Charles Urban Trading Company in the presence of an official from the Russian Embassy.

In Japan no such concessions could be got, as the appearance of a photographer in the streets of Tokio would not only mean the confiscation of the camera, but the imprisonment and possibly banishment of the bioscope man.

Mr. Urban's representative at Tokio, however, has succeeded in taking views of the departure of troops, and a special messenger was dispatched with the films to London.

RETURN OF REJANE.

Opens Her Season at the Prince of Wales's with "Zaza."

Before the brilliant audience which she can always command—though "no rise in prices" is this year the order of the evening—Madame Réjane opened her short season at the Prince of Wales's yesterday.

For some reason or other Réjane is keeping the greatest event of her stay for Wednesday night, when she will make her promised appearance with Coquelin in "La Montansier."

Perhaps she was wise. Perhaps it would not have done to choke us with too many good things. Anyhow, the mere return of Réjane is good enough to go on with, especially in a play like "Zaza," which is as excellent for displaying Réjane's peculiar powers as it is for being familiar to her London audiences.

"Zaza" tells, it will be remembered, the story of a music-hall star who becomes an admirer's mistress, and afterwards, finding that he is married, goes to his house and interviews his wife and child.

The coarse pathos of the play and the rough-and-ready humour of the act behind the scenes at the music-hall were once again last night made appealing and interesting by the sheer intelligence of Réjane.

FINGER-PRINT PROOF.

An interesting case of identification by finger prints was mentioned at Bromley (Kent) Police Court yesterday.

After a burglary in Orchard-road, Bromley, on May 26, Detective-sergeant Bunting found a soup tureen with finger marks upon it. The tureen, with the marks intact, was forwarded to Scotland Yard.

An expert examined it and found the finger prints corresponded with those of a plumber named Albert Benham, of King's Cross. A scar on Benham's little finger exactly accounted for a disturbance in the lines on the tureen as photographed.

Benham was arrested in the Barbican, City. Another charge of burglary was also preferred against him yesterday, and, together with his mother, who is charged with receiving stolen property, he was sent for trial.

"Royal Clocks," an interesting book from which extracts were published in the *Mirror* a few days ago, is published by John Walker, Limited, of 63, New Bond-street, at 2s. 6d.

500 Praises.

It is only a week ago that the proprietors of the "Daily Mirror" announced that they had secured a small parcel of high-class

FOUNTAIN PENS,

which, to a limited few, would be sold at the before unheard of price for such a good pen of

2/6 each,

until the stock was exhausted. In less than four hours the demand began, and has continued ever since.

STILL . . . BETTER Better than the appreciation of the offer is the satisfaction these 2/6 Pens have given. Every post brings in words of praise. Among the first was this one:

London County Council.

MEMORANDUM.

From
THE HEAD TEACHER,
TURIN STREET SCHOOL,
BETHNAL GREEN.

June 8, 1904.

To the "Daily Mirror"
Pen Department.

I am delighted with my pen, and so are all my staff, who were waiting to see what it was like.

Enclose Postal Orders for £16s. 3d. with Coupons.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) F. R. BARNES.

FROM RAMSGATE.

"I am so pleased with the Fountain Pen. Please send two more. They are excellent prizes for games such as bagatelle, ping pong, and progressive whist, and the players try to win because they really want the pen."

FROM REIGATE.

"I am very pleased with my pen, and enclose coupons for three more," writes a lady living at Reigate.

The
"DAILY MIRROR"
FOUNTAIN PEN

in 3 sizes

of Pen Nibs,

FINE,

MEDIUM,

BROAD.

State Plainly on
Coupon which
style you prefer.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON, fill in, and post to
PEN DEPARTMENT,
The "Daily Mirror,"

2, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

I enclose P.O. for 2s. 7½d., for which please send
"D.M." Fountain Pen to

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

NIB.....

YOU MAY PURCHASE the pen at the West End Office for Small Advertisements of the "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W.

CENTURIES AT THE OVAL.

Carpenter and McGahey's Big Third Wicket Partnership—Key Again Captains Surrey.

SURREY BOWLING WEAK.

For their return match with Essex, commenced yesterday at Kennington Oval, Surrey played in the field nearly the same side that beat Cambridge University, the only changes being that K. J. Key and Goatly came in for Sarel and Harris.

The weakness of the bowling, in the absence of Lockwood and Richardson, soon became apparent, and, helped by some dropped catches, Essex ran up the formidable score of 390, and lost only three men. Needless to say, the conditions were entirely favourable to batsmen, and after lunch there was little sign in the attack. Had Holland caught Carpenter when 6 the day's cricket might have taken a very different course. The professional enjoyed the satisfaction of staying in until twenty past six, and scoring 199, his highest innings in first-class cricket.

He lost Fane at 40 and Perrin at 67, play having then lasted an hour and a quarter, but there Surrey's successes ended, until Carpenter's century, which he made in the third wicket, which realised no fewer than 328 runs in four hours and five minutes.

Carpenter's Luck.

At lunch the score stood at 112, and afterwards the batsmen obtained a complete mastery. At times even Carpenter and McGahey seemed to exercise unnecessary caution, and neither ever attempted to force the play, which became rather monotonous, the batting presenting no marked features of excellence apart from the absolute soundness of McGahey. Besides several fluky strokes behind the wicket, Carpenter gave a second fifty chance to Holland at long-on directly he completed his hundred in three hours five minutes, and when 116 Goatly missed him badly from a lofty drive, while the stroke which produced his last run nearly caused his dismissal, Hayward almost making a catch.

Caught at the wicket in Moulder's first over, when the long partnership seemed sure to last into Monday, Carpenter having taken five hours and twenty minutes, and hit twenty-three 4's. He cut and drove to the off most brilliantly.

McGahey, who was not out 143, scored well all round the wicket. Although rather threatening towards the close the weather remained fine, and the crowd numbered about 4,000. Present score:—

ESSEX.		SURREY.	
F. L. Fane, c Hayes	24	P. Perrin, c Strudwick	67
Leach, c Strudwick	19	Key, c Moulder	199
Cox, c Moulder	19	McGahey, not out	143
Total (3 wickets)		390	

G. Postell, Reeves, Russell (2), J. W. H. Douglas, Blackburn, and Tremblin to bat.

Surrey Team: K. J. Key, Hayward, Hayes, Holland, Goatly, Moulder, Lees, P. E. May, Strudwick, Smith, and Goodall.

YORKSHIRE'S POOR DISPLAY.

The Sussex eleven had every reason to be satisfied with the result of the opening day's play at Bramall Hall, Sheffield, but they were disappointed to find being kept in the field until after five o'clock, they finished up with much the same position as at the first day of the first match. Yorkshire for 280, and in the last hour of the day dismissed 72 without loss. Yorkshire took an hour and a half to put together their total, their innings occupying three hours and fifty minutes. At the outset runs came readily enough, 47 being scored in half hour, and the light was in the game for thirty minutes. It was not sufficient to affect the wicket, but from that point onward steady bowling, the batsmen had apparently to fight very hard for their runs.

Jackson played the best, and was the brightest, innings on the side. He was second out at 76, and was batting a little over an hour. He made several excellent cuts and drives, his score including seven 4's. He and Denton put on 49 for the second partnership in fifty minutes. The latter played a neat innings, but, like Jackson, he did not settle down to his proper game.

Wilkinson added to the partnership in fifty minutes, and then the latter was bowled in attempting to pull. First made 30 out of the 49 put on for the fourth partnership in forty-five minutes. Wilkinson was at the wicket for an hour and a quarter, but he was morally bowled three times.

Of the others Rhodes and Myers were the only ones to be seen to any advantage. Rhodes hit with comparative freedom, but Myers proceeded in quiet, careful strokes. Going in fifth wicket down at 147, he was the last man out. For an hour and a half he offered a strong resistance to the attack, but he was finally bowled by his play, was very well timed.

Yorkshire began to get ground after Tate went in to bowl at 146. He dismissed Wilkinson in his first over, and altogether had the capital analysis of four wickets for 26 runs.

All the bowlers were able to get a little spin on the ball, but they were their excellent length that caused trouble to the Yorkshire batsmen. The ball was a little slack, but the men held all their chances. After the rather tedious play of the previous hours, the bright cricket witnessed when Sussex went in was very welcome. Fry was in a happy mood, playing the bowling with ease and making a number of powerful drives.

As the game now stands Sussex, with all ten wickets in hand, are within a few strokes of their opponents' total. Except for the little rain, the weather was fine, and more than thousand spectators were present.

Present score and analysis—

YORKSHIRE.

Hon. F. S. Jackson, c Myers, b Delf 30 |

Ranji, b Delf 40 |

Sturges, b Delf 40 |

Denton, c Belf, b Cox 36 |

H. Wilkinson, c Ranji, b Tate 16 |

Hirst, b Cox 16 |

Rhodes, c Ranji, b Cox 25 |

Total 220 |

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